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**Comment
Of The
Day**

HK GIFT SHOW

IN his budget address last month, the Governor Sir Robert Black reminded Hongkong of the need always to seek new avenues of trade. He also made a helpful proposal — the International Gift Show — which has attracted singularly little public response and it is to be hoped that the Unofficials give an indication of reaction in the Colony's business circles in Wednesday's budget debate.

The Gift Show may not appear a particularly striking idea at first glance, but considering it has been staged in at least one European country in recent years with tremendous success, and that it is an exhibition particularly appropriate to Hongkong with its handicrafts, its cottage industries and its wide range of manufactures and imports classifiable as gifts, here is a proposal which could bring a new trade interest and a substantial tourist influx into the Colony.

Our critics complain that our exports and our industry are not sufficiently diversified — what better way could we correct this idea than by showing a wide and hitherto untapped range of distinctively and characteristically Hongkong products which could be profitably developed into new export lines? Indeed the novelty of the venture might attract visitors with widely diverse interests which a trade fair, because of its popularity and frequency elsewhere, might not.

But as the venture will probably assume the proportions of a major international exposition, Hongkong will have to spend time planning it and a representative committee will be needed to carry out preparations. Indeed it is an idea both original to this part of the world and of proven success elsewhere, that may even become a regular affair for Hongkong. The business and industrial community and the tourist industry should study its potentialities and state their opinions as soon as possible.

PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE EXERCISE ALARMS RESIDENTS GERMAN LEAFLETS SHOCK

DOCKERS CALL IN LONDON'S EX-KING OF UNDERWORLD

London, March 13. Billy Hill, self-styled ex-King of London's underworld, has been called in by Sir Bernard Docker, wealthy British industrialist, and his wife to help try to solve the £150,000 jewel theft from their car.

Billy met the Dockers at a party two years ago to launch a look on his life. He told them that if they ever needed his help, they were only to ask.

Some Idea

Last night, he spent four hours with Sir Bernard and Lady Docker at their luxury Mayfair flat.

He said afterwards: "I think I have been able to give them some useful ideas about getting their jewelry back. I am going to put the word around."

Police at Southampton, Hampshire, where the jewels were stolen, on Monday night, said Interpol had been informed of the theft. — China Mail Special.

POLITICAL PUNDIT SAYS: 'GENERAL ELECTION IN MAY'

London, March 13. The Evening News said today that British general elections might be held in May, if talks in Washington between Prime Minister Harold Macmillan and US President Dwight Eisenhower result in an agreement on Western policy in Berlin.

The paper's political editor said that present indications were that May was considered more favourable for elections than October. If elections took place in May, the British government could enter summit talks with a position strengthened by an election victory won through a campaign centred on peace, the paper said. — France-Press.

'Refugees Being Shot Like Mad Dogs'

Detmold, March 13. People living near a troop training ground here were alarmed today when they picked up leaflets announcing the victorious Red Army was driving all before it and refugees were being shot down by Adenauer's police "like mad dogs."

The leaflets were dropped by West German aircraft during an exercise in psychological warfare, the West German News Agency DPA reported.

The leaflets said "The victorious Red Army" would resume the attack shortly. It would drive all before it. Soldiers were called on to desert their officers and join in the common task of building up "a peace loving democratic Germany."

Epidemic

They said the commanding officer had already been brought to safety in Washington and the divisional commanders were packing their bags. Plague and epidemic had broken out in Goettingen as a result of lack of care for the civilian population. Goettingen had been sealed off and women and children were being taken to safety. "Adenauer's police like mad dogs."

Country workers brought the leaflets to the police in great excitement, DPA said. They had not been told about the exercise. — Reuter.

Ike's Nation-wide Broadcast

Washington, March 13. President Eisenhower will make a nation-wide television and radio address on Monday night on Berlin and the general security position. Early on Sunday, the White House announced today.

He will speak over all networks from his office for 30 minutes just four days before his meeting with Britain's Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, for discussions on Berlin and Germany. — Reuter.

Hongkong At Art Exhibition

London, March 13. Scenes of Hongkong are included in a Commonwealth art exhibition now open in London.

The paintings are by British artist J. Armfield Bindon and they are on show at the Commonwealth Institute.

"I should like to have spent years in Hongkong, recording Chinese customs and culture," Mr. Bindon said. "But, unfortunately, my time was limited and I was able to make only fifteen paintings."

Among those who attended the premiere of the exhibition were Mrs. Florence Yeo and her daughter, Wendy. Mrs. Yeo is the wife of Dr. K. C. Yeo, former Director of Medical and Health Services in Hongkong. — London Express Service.

Japan's Reply

Geneva, March 13. The Japanese Red Cross has told the Soviet society that a representative of the North Korean Red Cross must come to Geneva if the deadlock over the repatriation of Korean residents in Japan is to be solved. — Reuter.

Partisans Control Rebel Town

Bagdad, March 13. Loyalist "peace partisans" were still roving the streets of Mosul rounding up, disarming and mowing out summary "justice" to suspected rebels when an Italian engineer, who arrived tonight flew from the scene of this week's abortive Iraqi nationalist revolt.

From his hotel room window, the engineer, Signor Enzo Lavoranti, watched "armed mobs of soldiers and civilians shooting and lynching each other in the streets" at the height of the rebellion.

BODIES SWING

He counted several bodies swing from lampposts on his way to the airport, he said tonight.

"The city is entirely in the hands of the loyalist partisans," he asserted. "There is no doubt that the resistance there is over."

The engineer arrived in Mosul on the eve of the revolt against the regime of Iraq's Premier, Major-General Abdul Karim Kassem, last week-end.

He gave this account of it: "A battle broke out on Saturday after the partisans' rally and I shut myself in my hotel."

"For three days I stayed there. Out of the window I could see armed mobs of civilians and soldiers shooting and lynching each other in the streets." — Reuter.

U.S. Ready For Anything

Washington, Mar. 13. General Maxwell Taylor, the United States Army Chief of Staff, told a Congress committee in secret session this week that United States military leaders had "clear-cut plans to meet any eventuality in the Berlin crisis."

His testimony, made public today after security censorship was before a meeting of the Senate Preparedness subcommittee last Wednesday. — Reuter.

TODAY'S TIPS

By "Rapier" RACE 1	By "The Turf" RACE 1
Limelight Hit Parade Okay Outsider: Babcock.	Limelight Hit Parade Okay Outsider: Babcock.
RACE 2	RACE 2
Amusement Beautiful Phoenix Cirrus Outsider: Vigorous Ava.	Georgie Porgie Cirrus Beautiful Phoenix Outsider: Amusement.
RACE 3	RACE 3
Wing Che Olympic Day Chiu Tze Loong Outsider: Manx Mst.	Satellite Steadfast Pink Ticket Outsider: Manx Mst.
RACE 4	RACE 4
Gigha American Carrot Appreciation Outsider: Courier.	Courier Venus Gigha Outsider: Farnoran.
RACE 5	RACE 5
Thanksgiving Rob Roy Catty Sark Outsider: Beesot.	Beesot Hedda Hu Thanksgiving Outsider: Rob Roy.
RACE 6	RACE 6
Mayflower Cactus Fascination Outsider: Steadfast.	Cactus Mayflower Prominent View Outsider: Fascination.
RACE 7	RACE 7
Norse Prince Midjet Edinburgh Outsider: Charleroi.	Charleroi Midjet Edinburgh Outsider: Infahan.
RACE 8	RACE 8
Glamour Girl Jura Tal Ping Shan Outsider: Viewpoint.	Glamour Girl Jura Viewpoint Outsider: Carola.

"THE TURF" PROGRESSIVE DOUBLE WINNERS
Race 3—Satellite; Race 6—Cactus.

Dulles Nearly Recovered From Hernia Operation

Washington, March 13. Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, today has almost completely recovered from a hernia operation that disclosed the presence of abdominal cancer a month ago.

State Department spokesman Lincoln White, also said the 71-year-old Dulles underwent another massive dose of radiation this morning in his fight against cancer.

It was a month ago today that Dulles underwent the hernia operation that disclosed a recurrence of cancer, first discovered in 1958. He had gone into Walter Reed Army Medical Centre for the hernia operation as well as to rest up from an inflamed colon that had been bothering him for several months.

After his radiation treatment this morning, Dulles told what has become an almost daily telephone conversation with his State Department aide Joseph N. Greene Jr., getting a fill-in on international developments. — U.P.I.

Britannia Avoids Tropical Storm

London, March 13. The royal yacht, Britannia, has managed to avoid Sally, the tropical storm which has been causing her to take avoiding action during the past few days, it was learned in a telegram from the yacht received at Buckingham Palace today.

Britannia, with the Duke of Edinburgh on board, is on passage from Hongkong to the Solomon Islands.

"The Britannia is now sailing in blue skies, much to the relief of all on board," said the telegram.

The Britannia is due on schedule at the Solomons on Wednesday morning. — France-Press.

Mayor's Chain And Badge Stolen

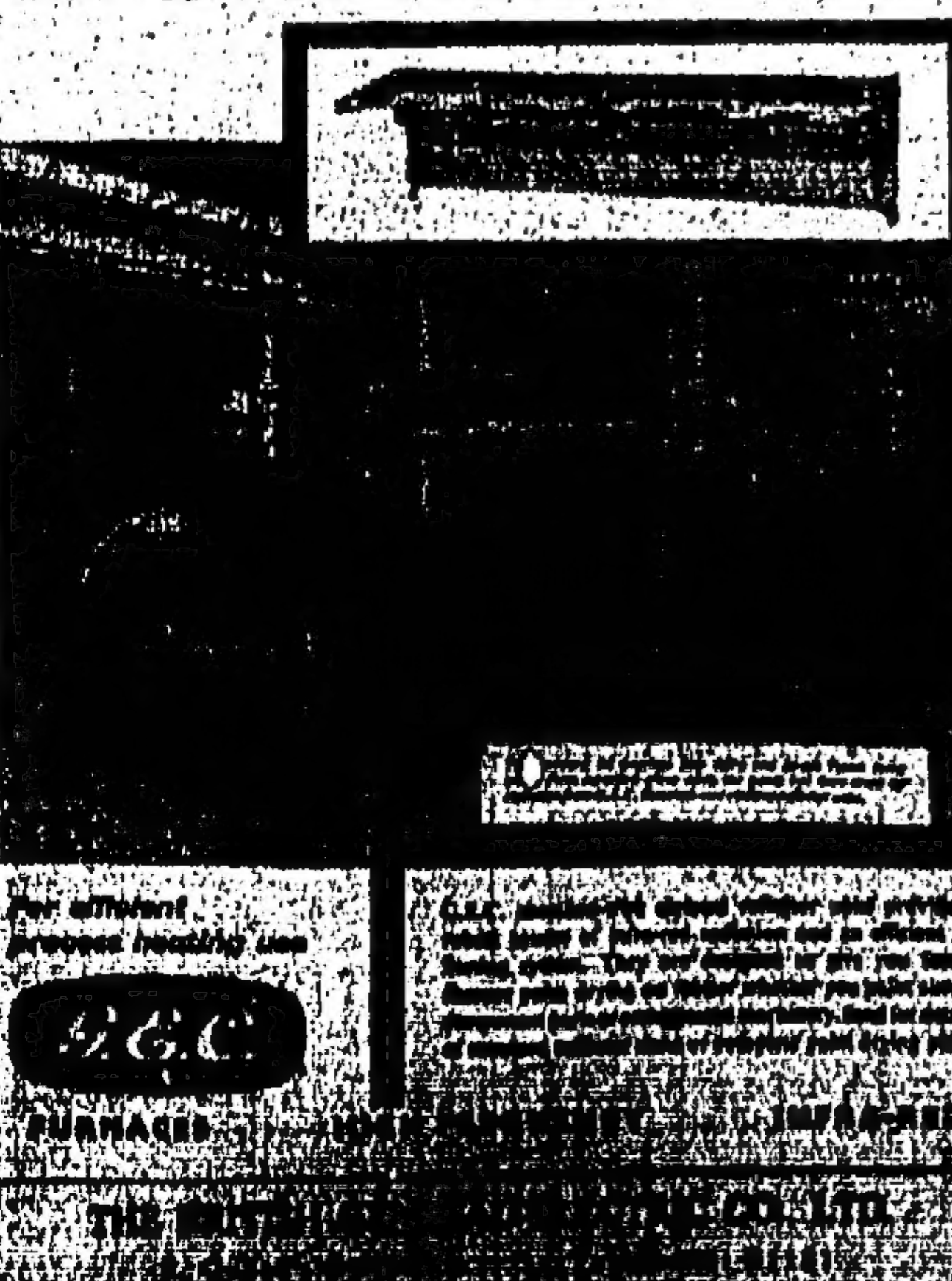
London, March 13. The Mayor of Wandsworth's £5,000 chain and badge, made of gold encrusted with emeralds, diamonds, rubies and sapphires were among the haul of a goliath gang who raided the municipal offices of this south London borough early today.

The thieves pounced on the macebearer, Mr. Edward West, in a corridor as he was going to a strong room, tied him up and stole his keys. After opening one strong room and stealing the regalia they blew open the door of another and took £3,000. — China Mail Special.

Macmillan Back In London

London, March 13. Prime Minister Harold Macmillan arrived back in London tonight from his talks with West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer in Bonn. — U.P.I.

TO DRY PAINT FASTER
Bamfords use S&C
Infra-red reflector units



Malaya Can't Be Used As Seato Base Unless...

Kuala Lumpur, March 13. THE External Affairs Ministry today issued an official statement saying that Malaya cannot be used as a base for the Southeast Asia Treaty Organisation (Seato) without prior consent by the Malayan Government.

The statement came in comment to a speech in Penang on Wednesday by Royal Australian Air Force Wing Commander Colin Stacey.

Speaking before the local rotary club, Stacey said Seato air and ground forces could come to the aid of Thailand within hours if that nation was attacked.

Stacey commands Australian Air Force units stationed at Butterworth Air Base in Malaya. The Ministry statement pointed out that Commonwealth Forces in Malaya are here at the Government's request to help

fight Communist terrorists and safeguard against any future threat to Malaya's freedom. It said the defence treaty with Britain, under which Australian forces are stationed in Malaya, does not involve Malaya with Seato.

The statement said the agreement covers only the defence of Malaya and commits Malaya to aid Britain only in the defence of British pos-

itions in Asia, such as Singapore, Hongkong and Borneo. It emphasised that in the event of aggression against any other territory outside those covered by the British-Malayan pact, the Malayan Government's prior permission must be obtained before Commonwealth forces here could be committed to active operations involving the use of bases in Malaya. — U.P.I.



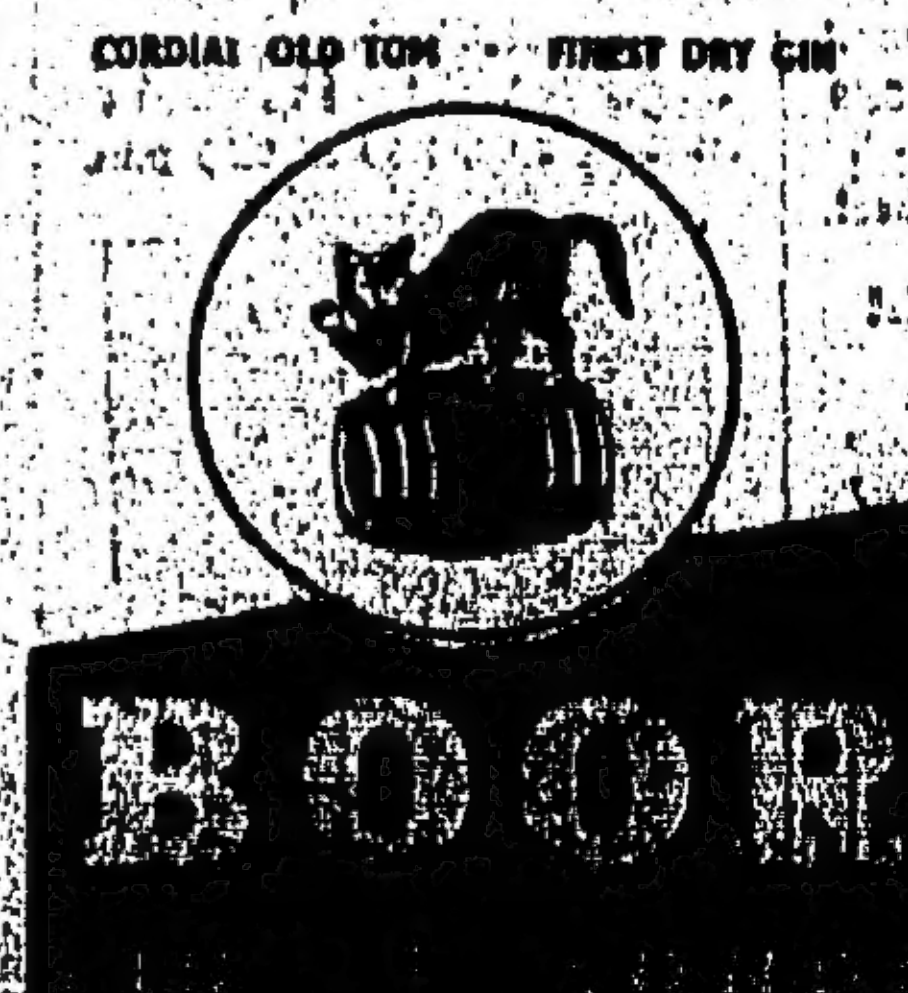
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AIR-INDIA

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HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY "MAIL" FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

Sound-Waves Cure Sprains

Doctors Begin Using Hi-Fi Therapy

Sydney.
AUSTRALIAN doctors have begun research with sound waves of ultra-high frequency for treatment of sprains, strains and tennis elbow.

Records so far show that results from ultrasonic therapy are erratic, but it does at times succeed when other methods have failed.

Writing in the "Medical Journal of Australia," Dr. L. T. Weddick, of Melbourne, says the ultrasonic frequency used in the treatment is produced through a crystal.

It is conveyed to a thin metal plate in the "sound head" which is applied to the patient.

The message effects generated by the ultrasonic frequency penetrate the body tissues to a depth of several inches.

Dr. Weddick says widely divergent views are held on the value of the treatment.

"In Continental countries and in some centres of the U.S.A. there is almost fanatical enthusiasm, whereas in Great Britain it has been almost discarded," he says.

Research Needed

Dr. Weddick believes the therapy has something to offer, but that further research is needed.

"The term ultrasonic is applied to sound waves at a frequency beyond that of human audibility (16 to 16,000 cycles per second)," he says.

"The dog's ear can detect a much higher frequency than

the human ear—hence the 'inaudible' dog whistle. Unlike audible sound, ultrasound is transmitted as a localised beam and local effects on the body are confined to the vicinity of the beam.

"Ultrasonic applied to the body results in a violent shaking or micro-massage of the tissues.

To-And-Fro

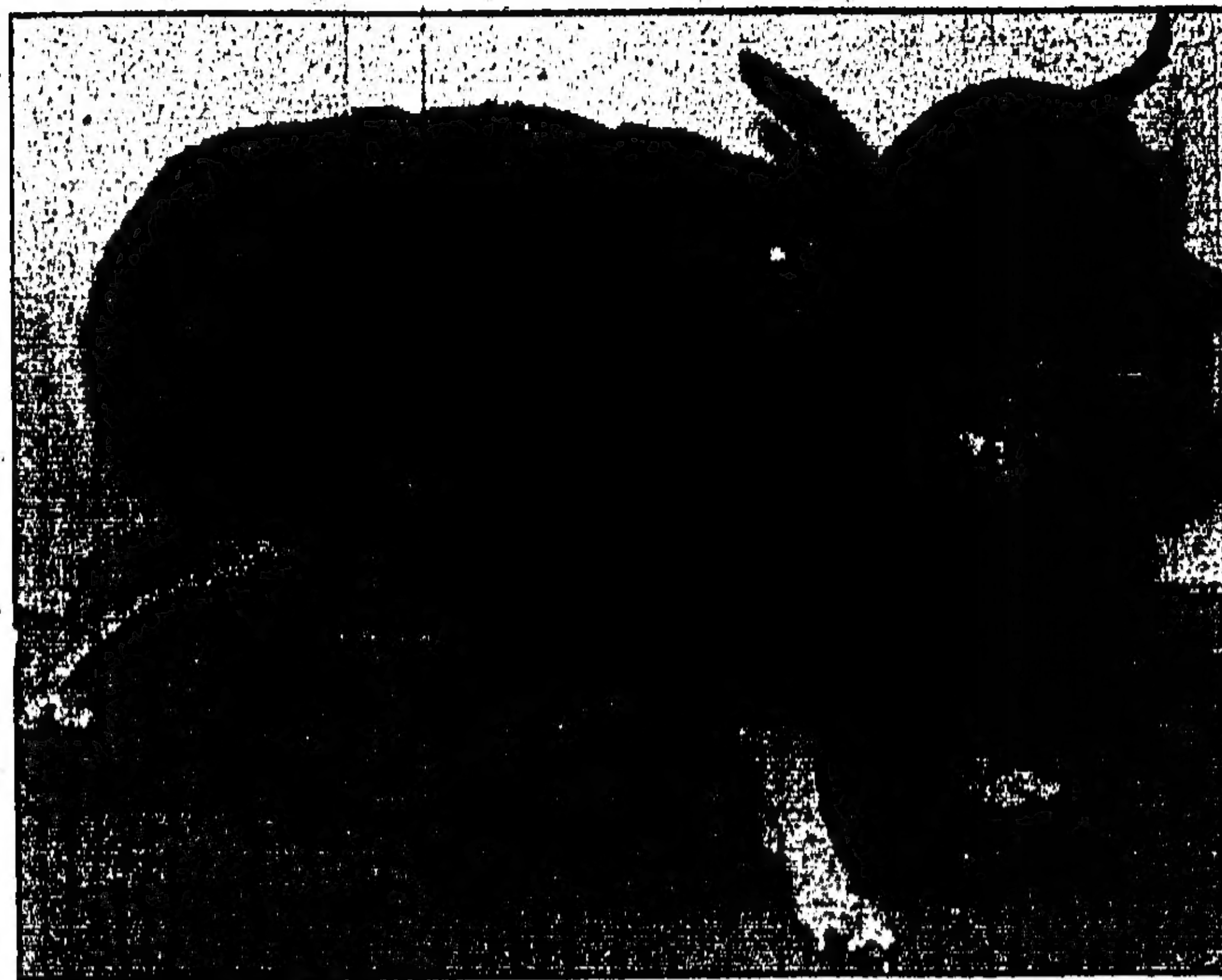
"The to-and-fro motion of individual particles is less than one 10-thousandth of a millimetre, yet the acceleration and force exerted are very great."

A study of 150 cases treated shows that results were most effective in the treatment of ligament sprains; 19 out of 24 cases being successful.

"The results in tennis elbow are poor," says Dr. Weddick. "But this fortunately is a condition that usually responds to treatment with hydrocortisone and other methods."

"The outstanding value of ultrasonics seems to be in the treatment of fibrositis of the neck and shoulders associated with cervico-brachial neuralgia."

That Top-Dog Look



Bound to impart that top-dog feeling is the coat of summer ermine worn by Starza, a chihuahua owned by Mrs Joan Forster, from Surrey at the Crufts Dog Show, Olympia, London, recently.—Reuterphoto.

LANDSCAPE 'STOLEN' MAYOR CRIES

Rome.
IS it a crime for a resort town to "steal" another resort's landscape for its postcard?

The indignant mayor of Casagig, on the Italian Riviera, says yes. The Mayor of Casagig, 50 miles away, shrugs his shoulders.

The landscape battle between the two resorts originated when a Viareggio firm put on sale postcards with the words "Souvenir of Viareggio." The people of Casagig took a look at the cards and cried out: "But that's our landscape, not theirs."

The Mayor of Casagig said in a town council session that the Viareggio people "committed a legal offence."

The Mayor of Viareggio retorted that the city fathers could not be held responsible and that the blame, if any, lay with the printer who made an error.

The Mayor of Casagig was pondering whether to bring the matter to court.—U.P.I.

Only Old Ones

THE local theatre company advertised for an old parrot to play a role in "Treasure Island."

"No young parrots need apply, since the young ones only peck at strangers' ears and repeat everything they hear," said production manager Gerald Barry.—U.P.I.

Young L-Drivers

Nowton, Iowa.
WHEN police recovered a car stolen by three teenagers aged 15, was teaching his two younger companions to drive.—U.P.I.

Diviner To Search For Missing Woman

London.
The tiny village of Upton Cross on the British Riviera has hired a diviner to take up the search for a missing woman after failing searching by police.

William Burgeyne, 75, said he would begin the search with a

diving rod at dawn, a time of day that he works best.

"I have found the bodies of many people who vanished in Cornwall after other searches had failed," Burgeyne said.

The missing woman is Mrs Clara Parks who disappeared

Europe's Royal Playground To Expand

By LUIS TEIVES

Lisbon.
ESTORIL and Cascais, adjacent seaside resorts situated about 14 and 19 miles respectively from Lisbon, on the Portuguese coast, are to be made more attractive to international tourists.

Already widely known as the playground of Europe's Royal family in exile, this area, under a recent Government decree, is to get a new luxurious casino and a new £500,000 hotel.

Gambling concessions here are granted by the Government and the decree defines the conditions under which new concessions will be granted to replace those due to expire this year, at the end of a 30-year term.

The decree sets up permanent zones of gambling at Estoril and various other places, including Funchal, capital of the Portuguese island of Madeira, in the Atlantic. Gambling concessions granted in these zones are exclusive and awarded after public tenders from Societies whose capital is not less than 40,000,000 escudos (£500,000) and whose assets are not less than 8,000,000 escudos (£100,000) in the case of other zones.

Concessions

Concessions for the permanent zones will end on December 31, 1973.

The Society which receives the concession for the zone of Estoril must, under the provisions of the decree, submit by June 30, 1959, plans for a new luxury casino situated on the sea coast and costing not less than 25,000,000 escudos (£312,500). This must be built by December 31, 1963.

The society granted the concession at Estoril will also have to submit, within the same limit of time, plans for an hotel, costing not less than 40,000,000 escudos (£500,000), to be built in the area of Cascais, adjoining Estoril. This hotel must also be ready by December 31, 1963.

The same society will also have to enlarge and modernise existing bathing installations

and arrange, within a year, for the floodlighting of the park at Estoril and the tennis courts which form a part of it.

Senhor Teodoro dos Santos a spokesman for the new concessions, told a press conference here that his society, called "Estoril Sol" (Estoril Sunshine), has already acquired the land necessary for the construction of the hotel in a park at Cascais.

Novel Type

Plans for a novel type-2-class hotel have already been submitted to the authorities and work will start as soon as they are approved, Senhor Teodoro dos Santos added.

Senhor Teodoro dos Santos described the new hotel as an innovation in the hotel industry. It will offer accommodation in both the top luxury and the tourist classes and will be "one of the best hotels in the world both for its magnificent situation overlooking the beautiful Bay of Cascais and for the excellence of its equipment."

Facilities will include a swimming pool, a garage, a car park, Turkish baths, a "boite de nuit" (night club), a hall which will hold 1,500 people, a barber's shop, a hairdresser's, medical services, and so on.

It will have 300 rooms, with 500 beds.

As soon as the authorities have chosen the site for the new Casino at Estoril, work on that will begin. It will take fifteen months to build. According to Senhor Teodoro dos Santos, "the new Casino will be the most modern and most luxurious in Europe."

In addition to the gambling rooms, it will have a cinema, a theatre, festival and lecture halls, and three ballrooms.

Tourist Trips

Senhor Teodoro dos Santos stated that the "Estoril Sol" also intends to start organising next year tourist trips in the river Tagus and a boat service between Lisbon and Cascais.

At present, Lisbon is linked to Estoril and Cascais by a good road which skirts the river Tagus and the sea and an electric railway. Estoril can be reached from Lisbon in 25 minutes by car and some 40 to 50 minutes by train. Cascais is only five minutes from Estoril.—China Mail Special.

Thirty In Bus Queue Sprayed With Rubber

London.
EIGHT people in a bus queue were taken to hospital with shock after being sprayed with liquid rubber.

The rubber was in gallon cans which fell off a lorry in Gateshead. Another lorry ran over them... and showered the 30 queuers.

Many of them were "glued" to the pavement. The more they tried to struggle free the more they stuck.

The solution covered their faces, clung to their hair, ruined their clothes.

'It's acid'

Those taken to hospital spent hours in the casualty ward having it sponged and scrubbed off with surgical spirit.

Jean Little, a 19-year-old G.P.O. telephonist, fainted when someone in the queue shouted, "It's acid."

"I thought I was going to be blinded or have my face scarred for life," she said last night. "As it was, my shoes and nylon stockings had to be ripped off, and my brand-new coat was ruined. Someone is going to have to pay for all this..."

A hospital spokesman said: "They looked like things out of a cartoon. The rubber was stretching off the ends of their fingers as they tried to pull it from their hair."

BOAC

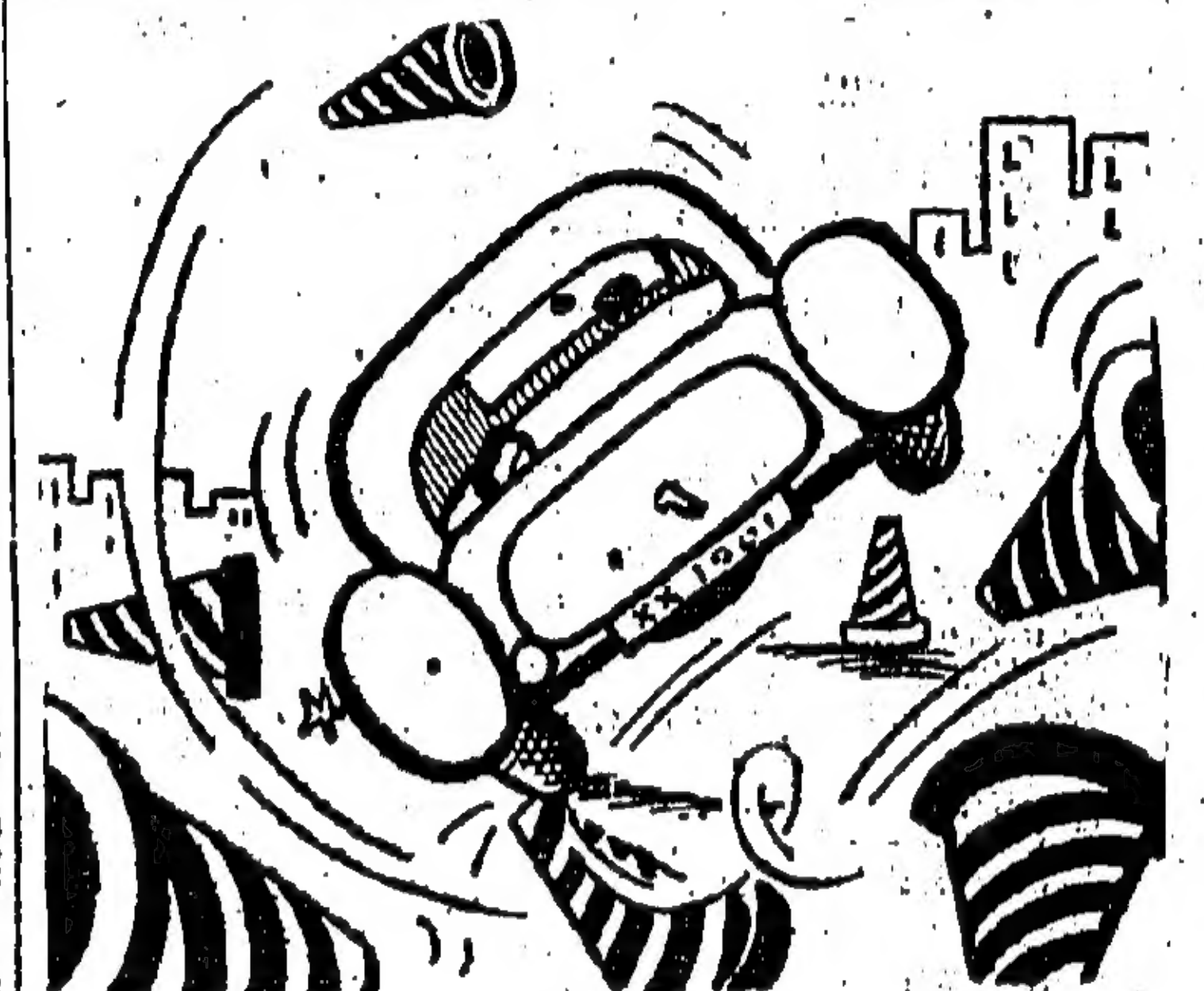
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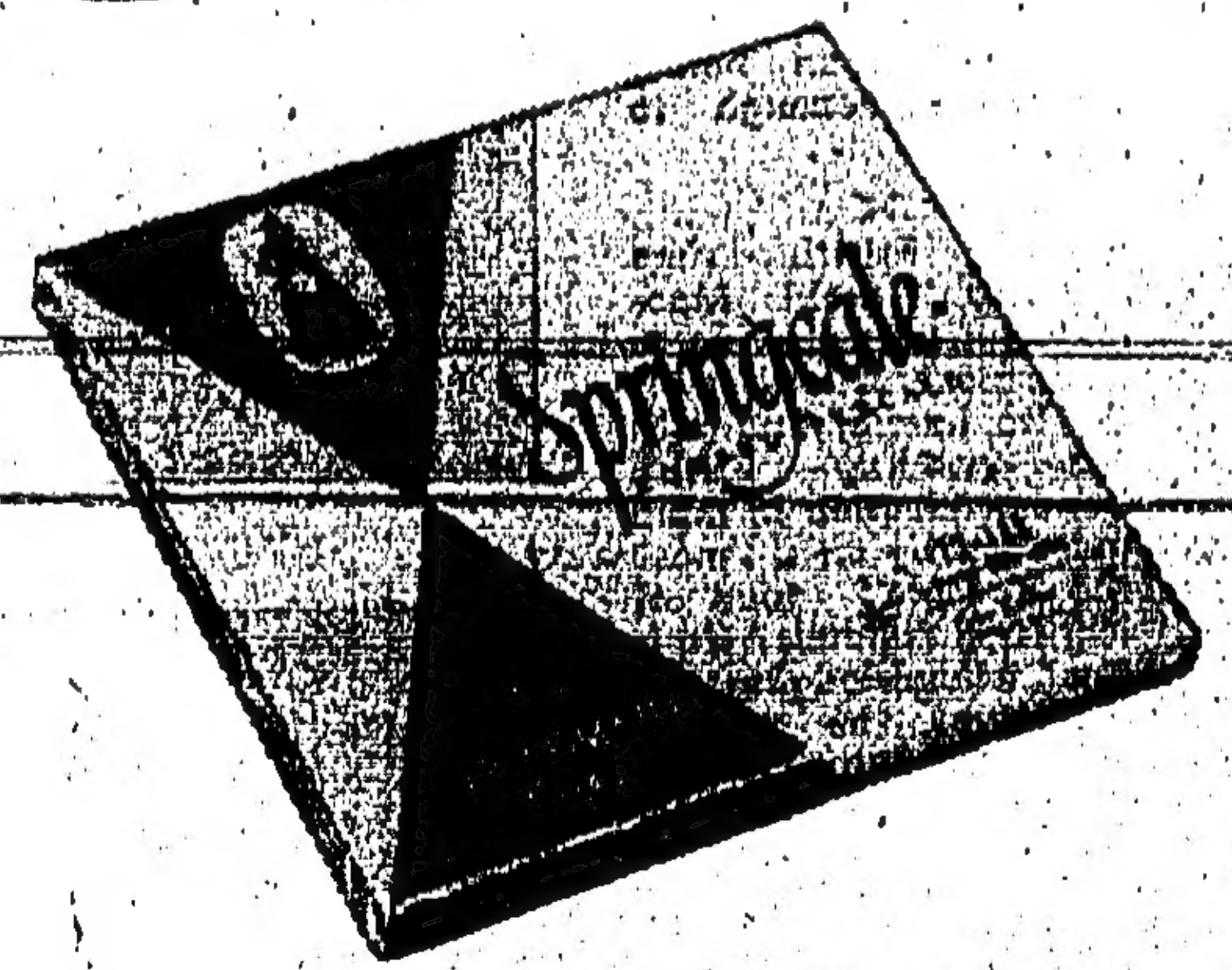
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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Most nationally famous of Britain's theatrical institutions is the Crazy Gang, combination of three former comedy duos, who have been filling the Victoria Palace with a succession of slapstick shows since before the war. Latest of the revues is "Clown Jewels", which opened recently. One of the funniest moments in it is when the gang (Nervo & Knox, Naughton and Gold, and Bud Flanagan—his partner, Chesney Allen, retired some time ago) play a group of debutantes who didn't quite make the Palace—the other one, not far away, that belonged to the Duke of Buckingham. Seen here: In the wrong Palace—the (slightly crazy) debutantes.

RIGHT: Official—Britain's Empire, European and Olympic backstroke champion Judy Grinham is to retire—at 20—from international and competitive swimming, and recently, in a special session, she said goodbye to the element that brought her fame. Her reason for retiring: "I haven't lived"—somehow her teens got lost in the fulltime business of staying on top in a world only enterable through razor-sharp fitness and continuous hard work. Now she tries her talents as a journalist, where, though the hours are as rigorous, the competition is as stiff, at least you're not an old woman before you're old enough to vote.

BELOW: British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan after reporting to Parliament following his trip to Russia, and with the pending British General Election in mind was recently on a "meet the people" tour of Northern Ireland. He is seen acknowledging the cheers of the workers during his visit to the aircraft factory of Short Bros. and Harland.



ABOVE: On show for the first time in London Zoo were the twin cubs born two months ago to one of the Zoo's pairs of Syrian bears. Both are males, both photogenic, both weigh 8½lbs, and both—so far—are nameless. Seen is keeper Ted Andrews showing off the cubs.

★ ★ ★

BELOW: Julie Andrews—having a rest from her role in "My Fair Lady", seen at London Airport recently before leaving for a short holiday in Switzerland.



ABOVE: The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret arriving at Paddington Station on their way to Cheltenham recently, where they saw the Queen Mother's horse Double Star come in the third in the second race.

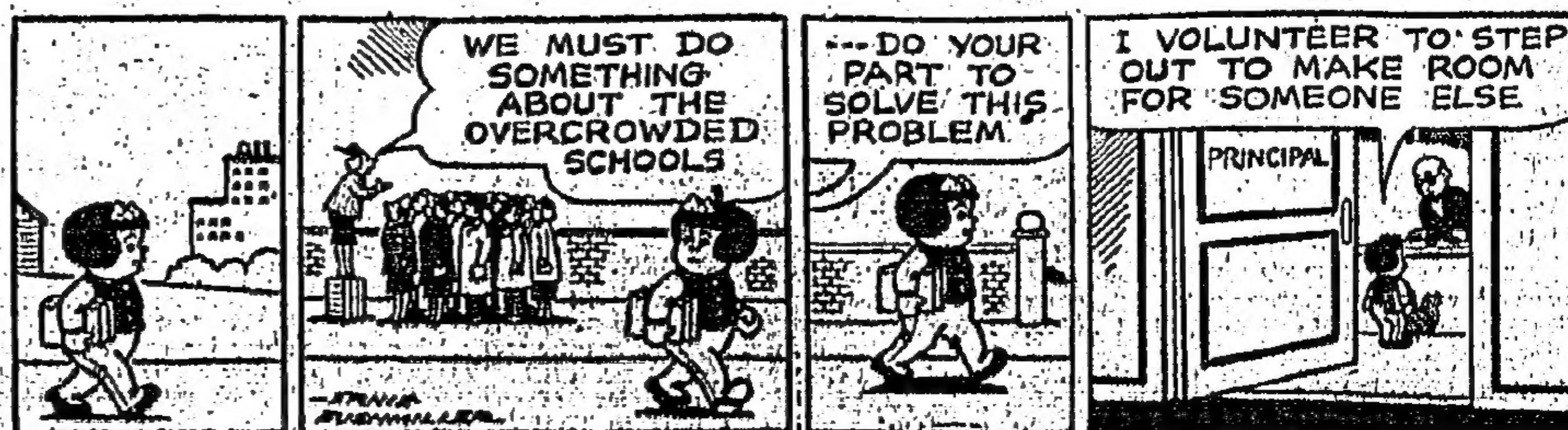
LEFT: Princess Alexandra in the Inca robes woven for her by the people of Cuzco, and brought to Lima by their mayor—who served with the Canadian army in the first world war. The black, red, green and gold shawl—the Phullo—is of llama wool; so is the tight-fitting waistcoat—the choleco. The full skirt is of brightly-embroidered black cotton—the pollera; and the montera—the 'fascinating' hat—is of straw backed embroidered cloth.

BELOW: Recently, for the first time in 200 years, the Elephant and Castle Public House became no more than a name, a vague geographical location, an underground station—and a cherished memory. Workmen have started on the job of tearing down the last of the three famous pubs of the same name to stand on a south London site. Here is seen landlord Tom Thurlow who, at ten sharp, rang a handbell—"Time Gentlemen, Please" to end the long tradition.



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



JAK AT A HORROR FILM



"No more horror films for you—this is the third time you've passed out when Dracula has given that scream."

London Express Service.

Journey Of No Return

LONDON LETTER

by Sir Beverley Baxter, M.P.

THE fog is so thick that from my writing room at the top of our house in St John's Wood the gaunt leafless branches of the giant pear tree in the garden seem to be reaching out like an amorous skeleton. Yet I am glad that all is dank and grey and barren because in a few days we shall say good-bye to it all for ever and for ever.

In short we have sold the house which has been our home for a quarter of a century and soon we shall have moved into a flat in the pleasant region of Holland Park just beyond Kensington.

To the normal unimaginative man the transference of the Baxter family and the Baxter furniture would involve nothing more than a mere van or lorry making half a dozen trips and all is settled. But actually things have been complicated since the landing of the British troops in Normandy.

With the supreme sense of logic which women possess my wife informed me that a flat on one floor is not large as a house with three floors and a basement. Did I agree? Yes, I agreed. Therefore, said my wife, we must get rid of a lot of things. But what?

"Well, for one thing," she said, "we cannot have that Clippie who has been in the flat. At any rate I always hated it because it looks like an advertisement for some brand of cigarette."

Vainly I recalled how, many years ago, when walking down the Strand in a grisly misty morning I saw this painting in an art dealer's shop. There was the ship with all its sails straining in the wind on a journey that would never end. Look at those waves breaking into foam as the bow of the great clipper hurled her way forward. Look at the majestic loneliness of the sea!

"I'm sorry, darling," That was the death sentence. As far as the Baxter household was concerned the endless voyage had come to an end. However, there was neither grief nor argument when she pointed the finger of scorn at the painting of the Eposon Downs. "Give it to your bookmaker," she said. On the other hand she agreed that I could keep the

portrait of Disraeli which I bought from my constituency headquarters because it was on the wall when I defeated Duncan Sandys for the Parliamentary nomination of Southgate, exactly 25 years ago.

On that occasion a hostile member of the Association asked me if it were true that despite my name I was a Jew. Somewhat startled I saw the portrait of the great Disraeli just above the man's head. "Do you mean," I asked, "that like the great Tory Leader Benjamin Disraeli I am a Jew? I would be proud to be a Jew but you must accept or reject me as a mere Gentile like the rest of the nation."

That then there emerged a major crisis. What about the Bechstein Concert Grand in the drawing room which has been my escape from reality through the long, long years? Not only would it be too big for the flat but the piano could not get into it. Yet by a lucky chance we solved this problem two days later when we went to spend a weekend at a country house which is almost as large as the Toronto Armouries.

There we discovered an English Baby Grand piano, pleasant of tone and graceful in design, but all too small for the vast room in which it was placed. Why not do a swap? And so

the bargain was struck. Good-bye dear Bechstein, and thanks for the countless hours that we communed together. A four-legged aristocrat has left St John's Wood for a painting country house built in the days when England ruled the waves and pretty well everything else. In our new flat we shall have a piano with all the worthy but modest qualities of the British character today.

In fact the whole affair has resulted in a marital separation but no divorce. My wife, in the role of commander-in-chief, and a friend of hers who is an expert on everything to do with painting, altering, and hanging in a flat, start out every morning and return exhausted but jubilant in the evening.

"Don't you think this will look lovely in the bathroom?" they almost shout as they unveil a wallpaper that looks like a firmament of green grass and shining stars. To me it seemed fitting for the boudoir of La Pompadour.

"Now darling," says my wife, "we shall show you your den where you can write and keep your books. And we'll hang Disraeli on that wall so you will be happy."

Was it too late for one last plea for the Clippie picture? It was. Farewell sweet sailing ship on your endless timeless journey. You're going to do a little bit of travelling now on dry land. I hope that you will come safely to harbour.

"Look at the lovely view from your window," said my wife. And there, on the opposite side of the road before my eyes, was a tiny garden leading into an enchanted wood. What an amazing place London is! Imagine in New York looking out upon a forest of trees and winding paths. Imagine it even in Toronto.

"What about the domestics?" I asked. But this needs a word

of explanation. The domestic servant situation is difficult in these democratic times when even in England a man is as good as his master if not better and a female servant is worth her weight in jewels.

About a year ago we experienced a difficult problem when the last of our domestics retired on a pension and became only a part time assistant. The women readers will understand that a big house on four floors, built in the reign of Good Queen Victoria is not an easy proposition for a lone housewife. In fact it is impossible.

But in the moment of crisis the Ambassador's valet at the Spanish Embassy telephoned to ask if we would like to have a young Spanish couple who had just emigrated to England. So up came a pretty young brunette and her swarthy good-looking husband. Their names are Luis and Margaretta and they speak almost no English whatsoever.

You will remember that Byron wrote a poem in which a handsome young man and a beautiful young woman were wrecked on a desert island. Their only language was Love and, as a result, they were deliciously happy. Then, if I remember correctly, they learned some words and the happiness was no longer perfect.

When Luis drives me to the House of Commons in our modest car he leaps out, opens the door, and nearly sweeps the ground with his semi-cadet cap. "Call for me here, ten o'clock tonight," I say. "Here, Ten o'clock tonight."

"That's alright," says Luis all in one word. Fortunately my secretary works during the day at our house and answers the telephone, but our friends who call up in the evening when we are out have strange experiences. According to their description the conversation goes like this: "Is Sir Beverley there?" "OCOLOBITUS."

"I beg your pardon?" "OCOLOBITUS."

On such occasions as I lunch at home alone Luis serves the meal and then, when I adjourn

to the morning room for coffee, he says: "Toscar!" Once I asked him to put on the gramophone record of the opening of the last Act of Puccini's masterpiece and Luis obviously decided that this was part of the family ritual. So it is a case of coffee and Toscan with no prospect of a change.

So, now it is no more an revolt to the house where we lived for a quarter of a century, but adieu. No longer will we sit in the garden on a summer's day and hear the distant exultant shout from Lords cricket ground when England scores another run. Never again will we watch the giant pear tree burst into blossom as if it were celebrating the marriage of a Juliet.

It is good-bye to the garden wall which separates us from our next door neighbour and which still shows where the part of the wall that collapsed from the concussion of a nearby bomb in the Blitz.

No longer in my daily walk up the terrace will I pause at the Church at the corner just north of our house and look at the fading engraved names on a stone memorial of the young men of the parish who gave their lives in two wars. The rain and the wind have almost obliterated the names as if there were no place for memory or grief.

I am glad that the giant pear tree is gaunt and leafless. In fact the tree is not unlike a ghostly gibbet waiting for the execution squad. And I am glad that the sky is grey and sunless.

The Baxters, plus their miniature Spanish armada, will soon have begun the journey from which there is no return. "Luis—pour me a whisky and soda."

"OCOLOBITUS."

The new order: From MARK WILSON be friends

Nicosia.
THE British Army in Cyprus has just been given its strangest command ever—to walk out of barracks with its tongue in its cheek.

This order comes from the top man, Major-General Kenneth Darling, who is racing from camp to camp every day giving his soldiers Monty-style pep talks on the barrack square.

Good will

Smacking the air with his stick he tells them: "I want you to get out of camp and meet the Greek Cypriot people. And when you do you've got to expect to be treated by some of them saying EOKA beat you. 'Well, you know better than that, but you keep your tongue in your cheek. Your job now

is to build up good will, to look forward and not back." That is what the General is telling the Army here, and such is the British soldier that the great bulk of the 25,000 troops have just shrugged their shoulders at the last four years and set out to make the most of what the new situation offers.

They have done it all before, in Germany and Italy and the Far East. Commonly it is called "soldiering on." Nobody does it better than the British soldier.

But the changed situation has brought troubles to the Army

and some unrest, which has reached the General. Twenty thousand soldiers have got to be shipped out of this island within a year. By May a great many of them will be on their way.

A lot of these troops have invested all their money in tax-free or tax-certain that they would be here for the necessary one year before shipping them home.

Now, somehow, they have got to find that tax money of £100 and more to get the cost into England, because there is practically no demand in Cyprus for used cars.

And some, unrest, which has reached the General. Twenty thousand soldiers have got to be shipped out of this island within a year. By May a great many of them will be on their way.

Thousands of troops were pulled out of Germany with little notice at the time of the fall of the Third Reich, and they managed to keep their cars and their refrigerators somehow.

At General Darling's HQ—where fewer guns are now to be seen than at Malaris's Archbishople—J talked with him about how the Army were reacting to the ending of the emergency.

"Very well indeed. And I mean that," he said. "I don't pretend that there aren't a few of my soldiers who feel embittered. They saw their

friends murdered and it'll take them time to get over it. But the British soldier has always been malleable.

"I am telling them all exactly what stage we've reached in the fight against EOKA when the emergency ended and I say that's the past and we got a new job to do.

"We've got to maintain the calm though I don't want my troops on duty in the streets again. That's the job of the police.

"And we've got to wipe out the ill-will of the past and build up good will.

Sharing

"It can be done. There are enough reasonable and responsible Greek Cypriots who will see the necessity of it.

"I am telling the soldiers to mix with the Greek Cypriots—I don't like the word fraternisation; it's too American.

"I want the troops to share some life with the Cypriots, and that's when, of course, they'll have to have their tongue in cheek because some one is bound to say EOKA won, which isn't anything like the truth. I tell the soldiers to stop and think of this—at long last we have got the two donkeys of the Greeks and Turks running on the same track in Cyprus. Now I have the obstacles together."

But the real problem for the British troops—tax-free cars and the never-ending bridge-stays, and General Darling said that he would have the problem fully investigated by this staff officers to see what could be done to help.

(London Express Service).

Not new

There is trouble, too, for countless Service families who have bought the essential refrigerator here on hire purchase, thinking they would have two years to pay. Any day now they may have to find the rest of the price at once. These are the real problems that Cyprus peace has brought to the soldiers, but even they are not new.

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(London Express Service).

JACOBY on BRIDGE

WEST'S double had nothing to commend it. South had opened with a forcing two bid and even with bunched trumps West could not hope for a substantial penalty.

East won the opening club lead with the ace and returned the suit. South was in with the queen and promptly laid down the ace of trumps. When East followed South was ready to operate.

West's double quite obviously was based on great trump length. South decided to play him for all four remaining trumps.

He cashed the king of clubs and ace-king of spades. The

NORTH		3
♠	J 6 4 2	
♥	A 9 8 4 3	
♦	7 6 2	
WEST		
♠	Q 10 3	
♥	A 9 7 5 3	
♦	K 10 8	
EAST		
♠	B 7 5	
♥	Q 10 7 6 2	
♦	A 6 4 3	
SOUTH (D)		
♠	A K Q	
♥	A K J 9 8 5	
♦	K Q J	
Both vulnerable		
South-West	North-East	
2♠	Pass	3NT
3♥	Pass	3NT
4♥	Double	Redbl.
Pass	Pass	
Opening lead—♠ 10		

king of diamonds was overtaken by dummy's ace and a second diamond ruffed. Now South led the nine of spades and West was in with the queen.

Since West was down to nothing but trumps he led the six spot. South won with the eight and shot the jack back. West was in and had to lead another trump and South had the rest of the tricks.

West had succeeded in making only one trump trick with five to the queen-ten in back of declarer, and South had made his contract.

CARD SENSE

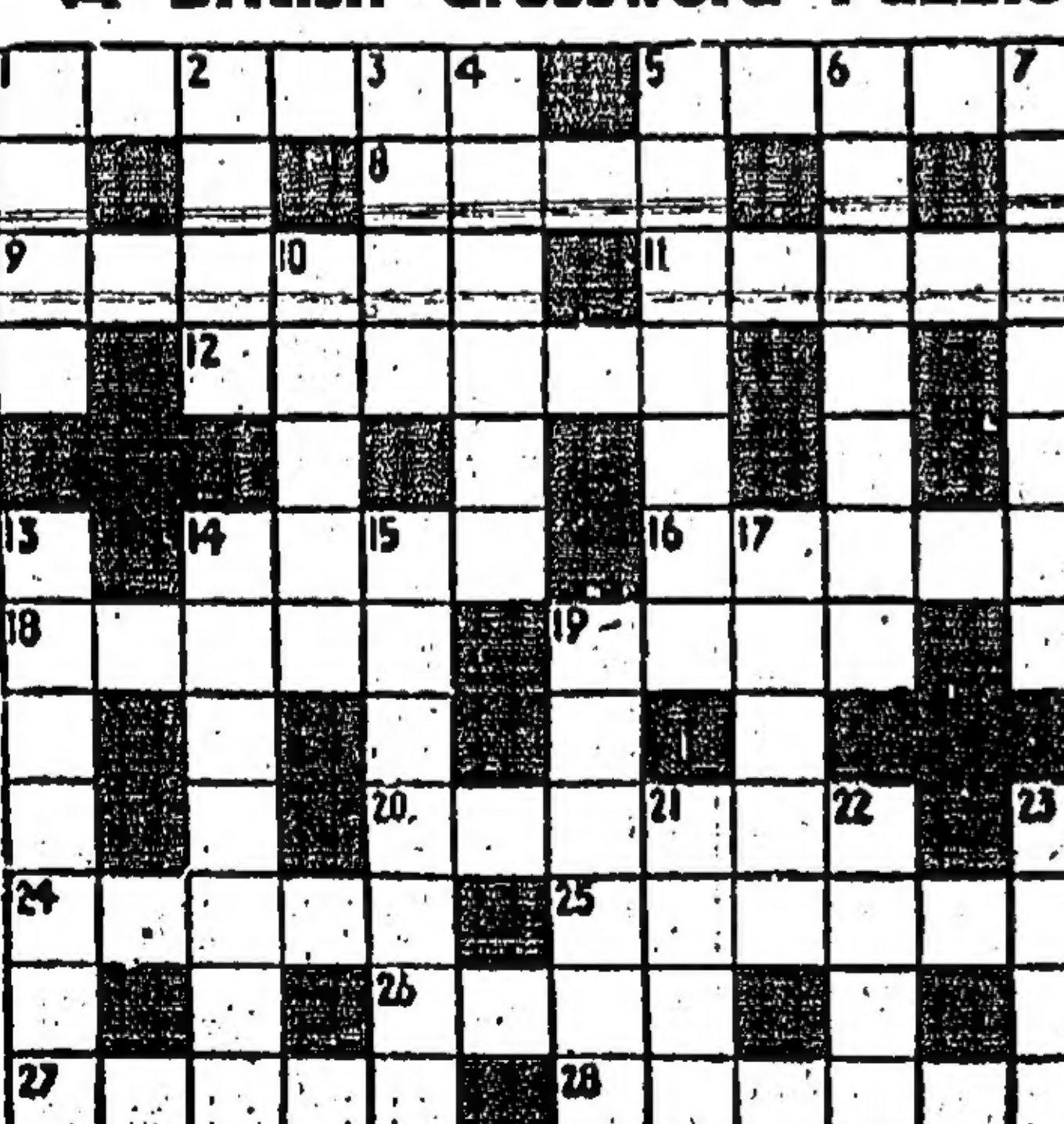
Q—The bidding has been:
North East South West
1♠ Pass 1♥ Pass
1♠ Pass ?
You, South, hold:
♠ 7 5 3 2 ♦ A 9 8 5 4 3 2
What do you do?

A—Bid three diamonds. Try to-trump is almost as good as bid and the fancy bid of two clubs is a third choice.

TODAY'S QUESTION
Your partner jumps to four hearts after your three-diamond bid. What do you do now?

Answer on Monday.

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS
- Term.
 - Animal track.
 - Contest.
 - Usage.
 - Caper.
 - Agreement.
 - Public.
 - Nominated.
 - Temperate.
 - Monster.
 - Wooer.
 - Area of absence.
 - Discreet.
 - Fragrant oil.
 - Symbol.
 - Lace-hole.
- DOWN
- Choose.
 - Corrode.
 - Wind instrument.
 - Estate.
 - Remainder.
 - Consequence.
 - Register.
 - Colloquial nonsense.
 - Road surface.
 - Pillar.
 - Wearing away.
 - Calm.
 - Drug.
 - System of weights.
 - Brook.
 - Crazy.

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1 Little, 4 Torpid, 8 Canvas, 10 Crawl, 12 Street, 14 Sincere, 17 Give, 19 Apricot, 20 Redline, 22 Imam, 23 Garnish, 27 Delect, 29 Swede, 30 Baste, 31 Dealer, 32 Mella. Down: 1 Licks, 2 Temon, 3 Brass, 5 Onco, 6 Poetic, 7 Dulcet, 9 Strange, 11 Region, 13 Hoops, 18 Item, 16 Calmed, 18 Vows, 20 Rimrod, 21 Carew, 24 Realin, 26 Ideal, 28 Hink, 29 Lens.

WEEKEND Friell



He's going on a reconnaissance...

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JEBSEN MOTORS

MY CUBAN WAR: Errol Flynn describes his five days in Castro's H.Q....

INTO BATTLE—WITH A CASE OF VODKA

Errol Flynn admits that he did not win the Cuban war single-handed. But he did spend five hectic days behind the rebels' lines; he did collect one genuine, if minor, wound; and now, in accordance with modern military practice, he presents his war memoirs. They add an unexpected and lively chapter to the Flynn story.

REPORTS that I found myself on the wrong set in the Cuba situation have been profoundly exaggerated. I also discount the report that Batista, when he heard I was with Castro, tossed up his arms and said: "The game's up, boys, Flynn's with him. Let's get out."

by ERROL FLYNN

Though the cartoonists had their usual circus with what they conceived to be my latest antic, I was actually very close to Fidel Castro for a five-day period.

The fact of the matter is he told me that no American knew either himself or his brother Raoul better than I did.

'Look, sport...

It must be true because nobody else was with him for as long as I was. I saw him intermittently over a five-day period, for long talks, Jeep rides, one military action, and I even instructed him in the intricacies of speech delivery.

"Shall I call you Commander, or Senator Castro, or what?" I asked him, when I met him at his headquarters in a sugar mill deep in the Oriente Province.

"Call me what everybody calls me," he said, "Fidel."

And it was Fidel and Errol from then on.

"Look, sport," I said, speaking in my limited Spanish, "do you mind if I take an occasional draught of the delicious wine of your land (rum) to make a revolutionary situation a little more viable?"

He did not object, but, as for himself, he disliked liquors in any form. I gathered from the way he presented his objections that he was trying to convey the thought that he had an actual allergy to alcohol.

"I have the same thing," I said, "but by dint of great discipline I have managed to overcome it."

That got a laugh out of the commandant, and I followed through by suggesting that it was the rebel in me that had conquered the allergy.

Once when we were in a Jeep ricocheting over the so-called roads in the Santiago area where Fidel led his uprising, I asked him why he had not had his fellow rebels a pledge not to touch alcohol until the war was won.

Smilingly, the big bearded fellow with the translucent skin—pale olive, Cuban skin—leaned back from his front seat and said: "I don't know, but I'll try to find out for you."

None the less, I did manage to find a few drops of rum left in a very much squeezed bottle, and I needed the sustenance, for I have the very desire of a time riding in cars.

• BY THE WAY •

by Beachcomber

"LOOK your last on all things lovely... Not only is the Tarnato Road under menace of death, but the even lovelier Industrial Disputes Tribunal is to come to an end this month. Its grasp of essentials has been covered only by its awareness of integrity, and sense of values. If I may quote Mr. Fadden without advertising him overmuch: 'The tribunal, qua tribunal, has been a tribunal in more than one sense of the word.'"

Raoul's wife joins in

BETTY BREVIS, Raoul's wife, to Vita Brevis:—
... Sylvia Cragge thinks that you are sacrificing yourself to try to retain this frightful man. Foulmouth. That's all very noble, but have you thought what it would mean? The constant vigilance against drinking and gambling and low company would mean you to a shadow, my dear, Raoul's shadow, but that is the true in every man coming out. And then, my dear, suppose he...

you involved in some scandal on a racecourse. You owe something to your family, you know. I hope what Raoul says is not true—that you have always found conventional men dull. Forgive me for lecturing, but we are all so upset at this report that Foulmouth runs a bogus antique shop.

Education isn't everything. Everyone, at heart, is ashamed of a lack of education.

(From an article.)
NOT that actress who, when asked for her autograph, made a cross in the autograph book. Her agent was angry and said: "Surely you know how to write your name?" "Don't give me that stuff about cultural snobbery," snapped the goddess. A polite autograph hunter generally says: "May I have your autograph?" "Just in case, and to avoid giving offence. When it was pointed out to Foulmouth that she had spelled her name wrong, she said: "What? Oh, I spell it wrong. Oh, it's worth more, because it'll be rarer than that guy's."

I have a bad back, a few vertebrae not exactly aligned, and motorcycling is not my favourite sport.

"How the devil," I asked, "can you be so relaxed in this cement mixer?"

He laughed and explained that he had been going up and down these gulleys and mountain roads for years; it was easy.

Fearless

I touched the back of the driver—this was really a steel guy—his shoulder was as hard as a marble table, and I said: "Un poco mas despacio, viejo!" (A little slower, sport.)

But the driver had been carrying Castro about four years, and he didn't slow down for an American visitor.

I noticed that Castro always sat on the outside, where he was a bullseye for any sniper.

He appeared to have no regard for his personal safety.

Two fellows were with me, in the rear, one on each side, both with guns cocked, and safety catches off. In fact, I wondered several times when we stopped abruptly at some ditch whether I wouldn't more likely get it from one of our boys.

This spin with Castro was one of several rides I took into the neighbouring towns, visiting liberated places.

The hints....

"I feel that the citizens will know who you are," Castro graciously told me, "and it will cheer them to know that someone from the United States, whom they have perhaps seen on the screen, is interested enough to come such a long way to see them."

Now it so happens that I take my revolutions seriously. It may possibly be forgotten that I went to Spain during the Spanish Civil War as a newspaperman assigned personally by the late William Randolph Hearst.

I was there for a couple of months. I picked up some injuries, and returned to the States, resuming picture-making for Warner Brothers.

Many people say I never got to Cuba at all. There were a few hints from among the more celebrated columnists that I

fought out matters at the Nacional Hotel, in Havana. Joking aside—if it is possible to put aside anything so important—I was deeply interested in the Cuban uprising for the simple reason that I have known the Cubans for more than 20 years.

I have made my share of errors in the gambling casinos of the land; I have circled the island many times in my yacht, and have come to know peasants and a power with equal familiarity.

Way back in 1938, not long after I made Captain Blood, I bought a yacht at Boston. At the time I was married to Lily Danville, known as "The Red Hot Babe of Hollywood"—too hot for me, I may add—and with my new toy I sailed down the coast.

Dramatic figure

I hit bad weather around Cape Hatteras, went eastward to the Bahamas, then on down to Havana. I pulled in there, intending to stay a day, and I stayed a month or more.

At that time Batista had just come into power, his slogan "Down with Tyrants, Down with Crooks and Corrupt Politicians."

He was a dramatic figure, young, a corporal or sergeant, and it was my fortune to be present at the rise of the Batista regime, and to be at hand for its fall—to be, in fact, in Castro's quarters when we heard that Batista had fled.

I did not make any hurried foray into Cuba rebel territory in the closing hours of the crisis, as some have hinted. I was in Cuba from Thanksgiving any onward, and neither Castro, Batista nor myself knew that the change of power was so imminent.

The Castro movement had been in progress for five years, and as far as anyone could tell, the struggle might be going on for one or two more years.

I chanced to be there on one of my frequent trips to the Caribbean when it became clear to me that a crisis was looming and I made arrangements to visit the camp of Castro himself.

I'm a crusader

Ever since boyhood I have been drawn—perhaps romantically—to the idea of causes, crusades. And that is because there is behind the facade of the rompingmaster, a young man who still believes in the world.

I yet like to see the plain John Does of the world get a break; I am with them and of them. Maybe the making of the motion picture Robin Hood had some effect on me, and when I see a poor land that wants its due, why then, I am willing to lend a hand—even if, as some say, it is only to reach out for a glass.

Now, add to all of these substantial reasons for my being there the fact also that I went there for the hell of it; and you get the complete picture.

I think it a very strange thing that no other Americans, or damned few, had enough interest in the welfare of the Cuban people to identify themselves with the Castro movement.

I only met one other, a young fellow from the mid-West who shall be nameless. He was fighting with the Castro forces, with little to lose.

He was in Cuba, not to avoid the U.S. authorities. He had shot and killed, and his father-in-law—with heavy exhortation.



ERROL FLYNN (arrowed) wearing the black scarf of the Castro movement, gets to know some of the rebel soldiers.

He was there, bearded like the Cubans and full of valor for Castro and the new idealism. Outside of him and Flynn, the flag of the 49 stars was sadly unrepresented.

For weeks I waited in the Nacional Hotel for word to come through that Castro would see me. Mutual friends were trying to arrange such a meeting, and one day the message arrived that a certain visitor was in the lobby.

I saw him! I received certain directions, all strictly on a secretive level, and I was told that I was to board a four-engine Constellation plane at the Havana airport. I was going with John MacKaye, an American photographer.

I dragged out an old briefcase on which were the printed words *Flume Enterprises*, stuffed it fully of vodka, tangerines, a couple of swaglers,

two pairs of under-shorts, and shaving gear.

I packed too fast and the zipper broke, so I tied a rope around it, and went through the whole deal with the briefcase tied up and stuffed into a pillow case.

A couple of days later we went to the Havana airport. Two plainclothes men of the Batista police searched us before the plane took off. They stared hard at the sign, *Flume Enterprises*, marvelled at the stock of vodka, found no guns, nothing, and we got through.

We flew across Cuba as far as the town of Camaguey. That was about three-quarters of the way to Castro's headquarters in the Oriente Province.

We stepped off the plane and walked into the terminal. We stood at the bar—according to instructions—and ordered the national drink, a Cuba Libre, and waited for an emissary to make himself known to us.

It wasn't easy. The Flynn face and form was swiftly spotted, and the trip into rebel lines, at that stage, tapered down to a grim auto-graphing hustle.

I suppose you could say that I went by autograph into the rebel lines. Armed with pens and pencils provided by public and bartender, I signed indiscreetly for a time, Batistans, Castrolites, Cuban bobby soxers.

Checking up

A little later we learned that our contact was none other than the traffic manager of the airport himself. He was a young American, Bill Patton, married to a Cuban girl. He announced to me that we were old friends, we had met before—and so we had.

Patton directed us to check in at the Grand Hotel. On the

following day we would be picked up by Fidel Castro's private pilot in the rebel leader's personal plane.

In the interim, Patton suggested, why not move about Camaguey, talk with the people, sample the sentiment?

Naturally, we headed for the nerve centre of all communities everywhere—the bars, where sentiments are exchanged, toasts delivered, confidences revealed, politics discussed, and the ways of the world examined.

In several of these market places of thought we learned that Camaguey was under siege, that four rebel forces had strongholds commanding all approaches to the town.

The next afternoon, as we sat out of doors at a cafe at the airport we heard the sound of an airplane engine. A red and silver Cessna plane circled.

Informed rebel sympathizers knew the colours

of this plane, knew that it was Castro's. We had a final meeting with Bill Patton, who got us by the armed sentries on the grounds that we were tourists who had chartered a plane to go into the countryside to scout locations for a film we were planning to make.

Actually, this was in some part true, because I had originally thought of seeing Castro with a view to making a film about him and his movement.

The pilot's gun

Soon we were in the air with a silent pilot, spinning over the mountain ranges, seeing below the wild rivers, the green fields of a Cuban winter.

The pilot had a gun beside him. He said: "In here it is fully loaded. I got this bullet marked. That's for me if they catch me."

In an hour or so we touched down on a tiny airstrip near a

(Cont. P. 7, Col. 1)

FOUR D. JONES

SOME TIME LATER—JONES STOPS TO REST AND READ A MOST UNUSUAL SIGN POST



by MADDOCKS

BRICK BRADFORD



By Paul Norris

FERD'NAND



By Mik

SPACE TRAVEL MAY NEVER BE THE FASHION

But AA-734, a 1956 Minx, is very fashionable, and reasonably priced.

Ring 71321 Roger Pannells

Scholars prefer



...The Hollywood rebel's sparkling report about the rebels of Havana

large farmhouse, where I was met by a Captain Luis Perez. He wore a black scarf around his neck. He took it off and handed it to me.

"This is for you," he said, explaining that a rebel girl had made scarves bearing the insignia of the Castro movement for each member of his company. "Commander Castro wishes you to have one of these."

Then we set off on the wildest two-day jeep ride I have ever had.

The engine of the car was an extra large one, giving the machine speed and power, so that we went at a breakneck pace, taking the bumps into our spines as gracefully as we could. But I was reminded of the rough riding I recently did in Central Africa while making *The Roots of Heaven*. Now we only went over roots.

Foiled again

We stopped at the home of a certain retired Army colonel, a Castro sympathizer, and his womenfolk served us a dinner of steak, rice, and fried bananas. It was one of the best good meals I had until I got back to New York a couple of weeks later.

I noticed the old Cuban custom, actually Spanish, that the women, after serving men at one table, dined separately at a table of their own.

Cursed luck. I hadn't seen a girl in hours, and now the available ones were being kept at more than arm's length.

We resumed the wild ride through the cane field region through swamps, over small streams, and getting deeper into rebel territory. Every hour or two we had a new man enter the car and stay with us for a relay, guiding us nearer to Castro's quarters. Wherever we stopped, we talked with Castro's soldiers.

Once we saw Batista prisoners and we talked with them. Apparently they were being well-treated by the rebels. Finally we pulled up in front of a big building, a sugar mill called the Central America. The Commander we were told, was inside.

Castro sat on a bed. I couldn't make out his face very well. There was that frame of beard, and he was busy; he had his ear cocked to a tiny radio receiver.

On a table a foot or so away from him there was a Belgian revolver, an ugly-looking weapon.

He paid no attention to us for a time, and I glanced about the room. It was medium-sized, sparsely furnished, with a makeshift look about it, but it looked well lived in, as if many people came and went in these quarters.

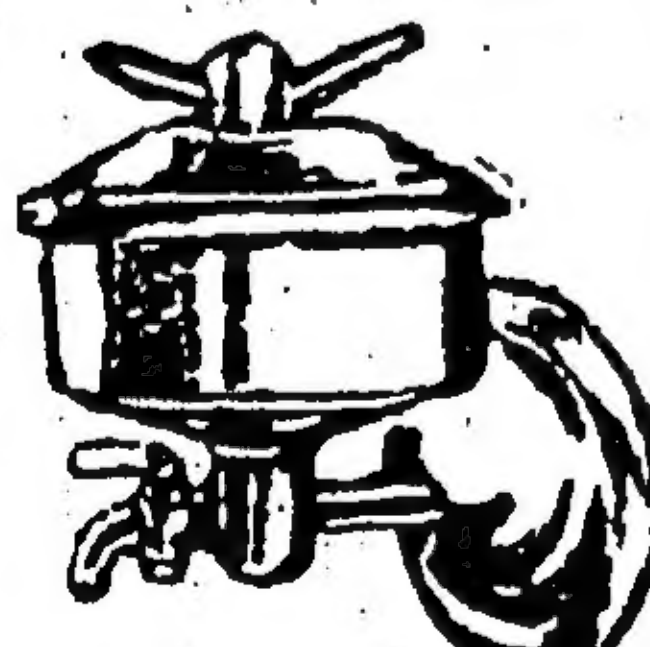
Slender...

Getting no rise out of Castro himself, I turned to face his secretary, a heroine of the revolt, Celia Sanchez. She was in uniform, so was Castro, so was a third figure, apparently an officer and aide of Castro. They were regular ten Army coverall fatigue outfits, and no army rank was evident.

Celia Sanchez wore a pink orchid pinned to her right shoulder. I shook hands with her and looked down at her waist. There was a 32-calibre revolver tucked to her slim figure.

I wasn't so flabbergasted that my Hollywood eye was in my way thrown. I noticed at once that she wasn't built like the usual Cuban, but on a more slender scale. She was beautifully formed, and I put her down as 36-24-35.

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A HERO'S WELCOME for Fidel Castro as his movement sweeps to power.

The girl secretary had an orchid—and a gun

That's not a Cuban female dimension. Your Cuban male usually prefers a dimension something like 38-28-40.

She had dark, thin black hair, and luminous eyes which darted about steadily, missed nothing, and constantly reverted to Commandante Castro himself.

The broadest ended, Castro raised his face, saw us and stood.

He was about my height; that is, 5ft. 2 1/2 in.; he had grace, agility of movement, and a simplicity of manner which I hadn't quite expected.

It simply wasn't the imperial thing that I thought I might encounter, the manner of a man who commanded.

This is Castro

My first impression was of his casual quality, that it was underlain by reserves and force. He didn't look like a man who had been burned in the sun. He showed no signs of having lived five and a half years in the jungles, mountains, close to trees, gulleys, and the earth. He had none of the weather-beaten look I rather expected to see.

His face looked soft. So did his hands. Actually his hands were not soft—anything but that—but they looked soft, almost delicate, with no veins showing. They looked more like the hands of a man who had been behind a desk instead of a machine gun.

His grip was firm, but not overstrong. Somehow I expected to find sinews of steel under my hand, but nothing was over-emphasized in his physical make-up.

He wore glasses, and I noticed how, as he began to talk with me, his secretary, Celia, watched out for him most considerately.

While he talked, she ran over his glasses, though he didn't notice it. She wiped them off and put them back on, attentively, but subtly, not getting in his way.

An interpreter translated for us. "I suggest," he said, "that you go to the village of Palma Sotina. That place has just been liberated by the freedom forces, and they will be happy to see you, and you will be able to observe how the Cubans feel after we have taken them out of Batista's hands."

It was then I asked him what I should call him, and we fell into the Fidel-Errol relationship.

Happy faces...

"You have complete freedom to do whatever you wish," said Castro. "Talk to whoever you wish, take all the pictures you want to take. I only want you to see the happy faces of the liberated Cuban citizens."

"Can we take your picture also?"

"Mine. My secretary's. Everybody's. You have complete freedom of the Press."

He said something that, though it was interpreted to me, I didn't fully get, but it implied that the freedom he allowed was in sharp contrast to what was known very well was going on in the Batista camp. We had learned that a couple of American newsmen had been tossed into a Batista clinic.

He wouldn't be able to see much more of me for a day or so, he said. Urgent matters had risen, but he would spend much time with me very shortly.

"Until then," he said, "room about as you please. You have the complete hospitality of the Castro camp, good luck."

As we took leave of Castro we were placed in the hands of a diminutive Friar Tuck, literally a merry priest, with sparkling eyes and a desire to help.

In sparse English, the priest said he would take us for the night to his church quarters at the top of a high hill.

Secret supply

From his window there was a magnificent view of the city of Santiago, 20 miles away. When Santiago fell, it was explained, that would be the beginning of the end of Batista, for this was a part of outlet for 80 per cent of Cuba's economy, mostly the sugar export.

The priest, on the way, said: "Shhh! I have a secret supply of water. You may have a bath." He didn't feel it was selfish, he said, to have some water about the church.

He took me to his quarters. I saw a simple room, with a desk in great disarray. On the desk were books in four languages.



WAR CORRESPONDENT AT WORK

In this little room near the main chapel I got undressed, took a bath, and was given a tangerine to dine on.

"Don't use too much water if you can help it, please."

I assured him I was a partisan, albeit a sweaty, and dusty one right now, and the water would be preserved. I persuaded him that none would be consumed via the mouth, that I would rather be parched to death than have any of the substance pass between my teeth.

I finished the bath and ran the grimy towel over my body. It wasn't exactly like the Macdonald Hotel or the Park Lane in New York, but I felt better. I didn't even mind the lack of soap.

I stepped outside the monastery, hungry as a bear, and a little weary of the sight of the numerous tangerine trees.

There was a fine rooster roaming about the yard living fine on Cuban worms, and I tried to grab him.

Then the thought occurred to me: Was I desecrating church property in any way? I reconsidered—and let him alone.

In the morning I dined on a banana—better fare than most were having. I understood—look a slug of rum and prepared for the new day of

photography, observation, and interviewing Castro's aides.

The photographer was shooting everything in sight, taking pictures as fast as he could reload his camera; photos of rebels, their arms, meetings, Cubans living in their huts, shots of the bearded boys carrying guns, priests busily running in and out of Castro's headquarters.

What kept Castro busy was that negotiations were on for the surrender of Santiago. I hung about the Central American sugar mill, waiting for any chance I could get to see him.

The go-between

I knew what was going on inside. Castro and his staff were cloaked with a Santiago priest, Padre Guzman. The priest was an intermediary, not wearing a priest's frock. He was from the army chief at Santiago, and they were arguing about the surrender of that city. If Santiago fell, there would be a new Government.

What impressed me was the intensive role of the priesthood in Castro's affairs.

I learned that his principal adviser was a Father Bernard Solis of the Monastery of El Cobre. He is a Spaniard from

the Asturias, and Father Solis himself authorized me to say that the Church was 100-per cent pro-rebel.

So that, while you get pictures in the magazines and newspapers of a Castro leadership made up of this one and that one, with their college backgrounds, or their American training—behind the scenes there is this traditional rooted impact of the same force that has so largely directed the affairs of Latin-speaking countries for centuries. These talks went on for two solid days. Apparently the Batista Army people wanted certain conditions from Castro which he was prepared to grant. But Castro didn't want the Batista men to remain in the key positions they were holding, which was what they were holding out for.

Fidel finally got his way. When he came out from this conference he had a very tired look, but there was a glow in his face as if he had got what he wanted. His aides looked and acted the same way too. Beaverbrook Newspapers Limited, 1959.

London Express Service.

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SWEET DREAMS



This interesting version of the two-layer technique in lingerie is a Baby-Doll nylon nightgown shown recently at the Royal Albert Hall, London. It is printed with purple sweet peas on white and covered with a layer of nylon jersey.—Deuterphone.



Alfredo's favourite —dried cod!

By HELEN BURKE

ONE of the many advantages of living in or near London is its wonderful food markets and restaurants where one can buy and enjoy products from every corner of the world.

Shopping near home in the suburbs is practical but often it is very dull. So make a point of visiting "foreign" market streets. It is great fun.

This week, my "ambassador" chef, Alfredo Vincent Albano, is Portuguese. I found him in his spotless kitchen, just off Piccadilly Circus, getting dishes ready for the evening service. The restaurant itself, with its gay pottery, colourful dolls and tablecloths and general decor might have been lifted from a setting on the coast of Portugal.

Along with me, I took Avis Bunnage, the "mother" in A Taste of Honey. She is something of a cook and a pretty severe critic of the way we in the south cook—especially fish and chips.

When you think of Portuguese food, the first that comes to mind is salt cod. The Portuguese can do unbelievable things with it. Dried salt cod is not easy to come by in the suburbs, but you can always get it in districts where there is a continental population, especially in Soho.

wash and soak 1lb. dried salt cod for 12 hours, changing the water twice in that time. Drain it well and it is ready to be cooked. Salt is not given in the recipe but taste the fish before the end of the cooking to see if any is required. It sometimes is!

Place the cod in a baking-dish with fish stock or water to come half-way up it. Cover with a very thinly sliced Spanish-type onion and a finely minced clove of garlic.

Skin seed and chop 1lb. tomatoes. Add ½ teaspoon paprika and one tablespoon olive oil and top the onion with the mixture. Bake for up to 20 minutes in a fairly hot oven (400 degrees Fahr or gas mark six).

Meanwhile fry fairly thinly sliced raw potatoes until golden brown on each side. Arrange them, overlapping, round the edge of the dish, finish with a

good sprinkling of freshly chopped parsley and serve. This is a tasty and inexpensive dish for the family.



MUSSELS

In a few weeks, mussels will disappear until autumn comes again, so do try the Portuguese chef's wonderful way of serving them. I suggest that the garnish should first be prepared.

Gently heat three tablespoons olive oil in a frying-pan. In it, very gently simmer together ½ lb. Spanish onions, 1lb. skinned and deseeded tomatoes and two cloves of garlic, all chopped. Add ½ lb. thinly sliced red or green sweet peppers, preferably red ones, three whole chillies and a bay leaf.

Meanwhile, boil enough Patna rice for 4 people, as for curry, with each grain dry and separate.

Have ready two to three pints mussels, scraped and washed with the weeds pulled out at the last minute. Drop them into a pot with a good deep lid and place them over a good strong heat, with no added liquid.

In five to six minutes, the shells will have opened and, the mussels will be cooked. Lift them out. Strain the stock and reduce it a little over heat.

Remove the chillies and bay leaf and add enough mussel stock to moisten the vegetable garnish. Season it to taste. Transfer the vegetables to a heated serving dish, remove the mussels from their shells and place them on top and pass the rice separately.



TRAPAS A MODA DU PORTO

Every country seems to have its own good tripe dish. This one from Portugal is excellent and a very pleasant change from our own good, but colourless, tripe and onions.

Soak overnight ½ lb. haricot beans in water containing a good pinch of bicarbonate of soda. (The soda makes all the difference, the chef told me. It certainly hastens the softening process.)

Well wash the soaked beans. Cover them with cold water, bring slowly to the boil and boil for 15 minutes.

Cut 1½ lb. to 2lb. mixed dressed tripe (henycomb and plain) into 3-inch by 2-inch pieces. Dice 2oz. fresh pork fat and gently fry them. Add the tripe, finely chopped large Spanish-type onion, a chopped clove of garlic, 1lb. chopped skinned deseeded tomatoes, a teaspoon paprika, ½ lb. small garlic sausages cut into slices, 2 sliced carrots, a bay leaf and ½ lb. raw chicken.



The leg and thigh, easily bought these days, will do. Remove the bones and cut the flesh into small pieces.

Turn over all these ingredients together. Add to the beans. Season to taste. Gently cook until the beans are ready.

With this inexpensive but very nourishing dish, Patna rice, plain boiled as for curry, can also be served. The ingredients given are for four.

(—London Express Service.)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Melted butter with chopped California walnuts makes a tasty topping for frozen cooked string beans.

Weigh the advantages of sheets. Percale sheets weigh less than muslin, are less bulky, and are cheaper to launder. They are lightly woven, longer wearing and feel silky.

To remove burned-on stains from glass ovenware, fill vessel with water to which 2 tablespoons of vinegar have been added. Allow to set overnight and wash as usual.



FEMINE AND FETTERING. New "swan" collars have a graceful look. Note the top puff that provides novel interest.

By JEANNE D'ARCY

BEAUTY writers joined the fashion group for an exciting show recently, when a designer, famed for his fabulous hats, branched out into the beauty business. Hats, with and without hats were his specialty, plus something needed to show off both face and face-framing hat—cosmetics. These were applied to create a pale brand of beauty which the designer called his "Jane Austin Look." It was quite a display!

SWAN STYLES

Hairdos in the showing were created around the "swan" silhouette.

Why the swan? Because, said this designer, it's been a symbol of beauty through the ages. He found inspiration for collars in the

grace of the swan's folded wings and the bill of its tall crest.

For daytime, "swan" hairdos were brushed back and low with a wing-like line. The top layer of hair was combed into a spiral swirl and teased into a feather-light point.

PARTS AND BANGS

Some collars had short, off-balance parts. Others showed bangs, or were combed back to emphasize a widow's peak.

Puffs were prominent. Hair puffed out in a variety of places—on top of the head, over one ear or over two.

Despite variety in the collars, they all had one thing in common, femininity. There was an old-fashioned charm about them that was most beguiling.



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ABOVE: Lt. General Sir Alexander Drummond, Director-General, Army Medical Services, arrived in Hongkong recently on an inspection trip. He is seen here talking to Colony Pressmen.

★

RIGHT: Sir Robert Black, the Governor, signs the Visitors' Book at the China Fleet Club when he arrived for a cocktail party recently marking the Club's Silver Jubilee.



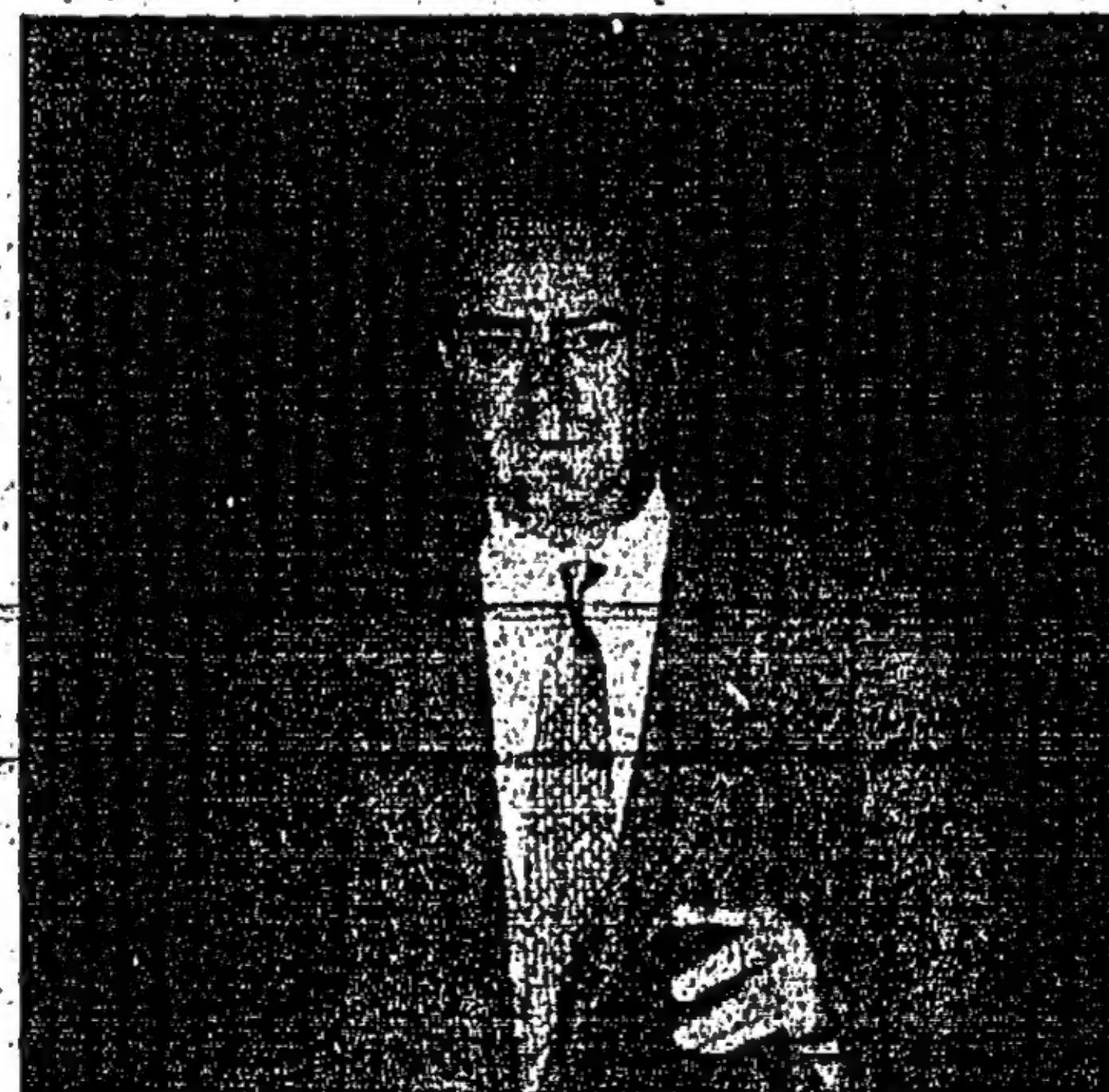
ABOVE: Mr Jack Yuen, President of the Lions Club of Hongkong, presents a food parcel to a blind girl at the Blind Welfare Office of the Social Welfare Department at Tsan Yuk Hospital recently. The CARE parcels were donated by the Lions Club of Prairie Village, Kansas.



ABOVE: Mr Amarendra Roy (right), who arrived in Hongkong recently on his round-the-world tour by bicycle, shakes hands with Mr F. T. Melwani during a reception given in his honour recently by the Hindu Association. Mr S. Ditta is at centre.

★ ★ ★

BELOW: Mr Stanley S. Knowles, Hongkong Assistant Press Officer, Government Public Relations Department, snapped shortly before his departure by Swissair on long leave. He will join his wife and family who are en route to the United Kingdom by sea.



ABOVE: Lady Black, wife of the Governor, presiding over the Advisory Council at the annual meeting of the British Red Cross Society of Hongkong recently. An all-time record in blood donors was announced during the meeting.

★

LEFT: A happy group taken by our photographer during the recent fancy dress ball held at the Hongkong Club by the Alliance Française in co-operation with Danto Alighieri.

★

BELOW: The Tung Wah Group of Hospitals' new estate premises at Fuk Tsun Street were opened recently by Mr Ma Tsiu-chin, a director of the Group. He is seen here greeting the Hon. J. C. McDouall, Secretary for Chinese Affairs.



BELOW: A photograph taken at the recent "Open Day" of the University of Hongkong Ho Tung Hall. The Warden, Mrs. M. Vialck (centre) poses with some of the undergraduates and their parents.

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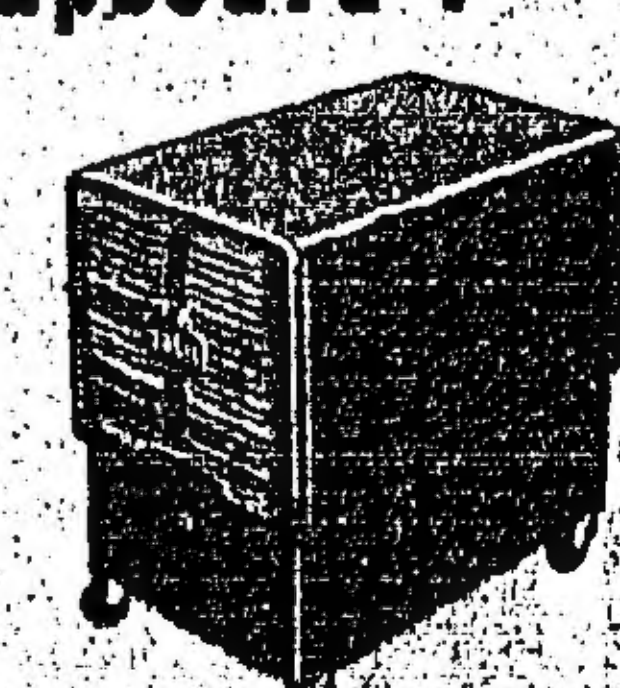
ABOVE: Mr. Fung Ping-fan, an ex-pupil of the Clementi Middle School, addresses a gathering at the school's annual sports meet recently, when his wife presented trophies to the winners.

★ ★ ★



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ABOVE: A familiar face in Hongkong during the Royal visit was that of Sir Alexander Grantham, former Governor of the Colony who is accompanying the Duke. He is seen here in a reminiscent mood during a banquet.



ABOVE: A striking photographic study of His Royal Highness made during his radio and television broadcast to the people of Hongkong. The Prince, who visited the Colony in 1945, was impressed by the post-war reconstruction of the city.—Govt. Public Relations Photo.



PRINCE PHILIP'S memorable visit to Hongkong is over, but the Colony still tingles from the excitement of his all too short stay. The impact of his charm and personality is deeply embedded on the minds of the thousands who saw and came into contact with His Royal Highness. Seen above is a scene of the Government House garden party when many Colony residents were introduced to him.

LEFT: Girl undergraduates of the University of Hongkong halted the Prince's car during his around-the-island drive and presented him with their hostel pennant. Here he waves as his car pulls away from the impromptu road-block.

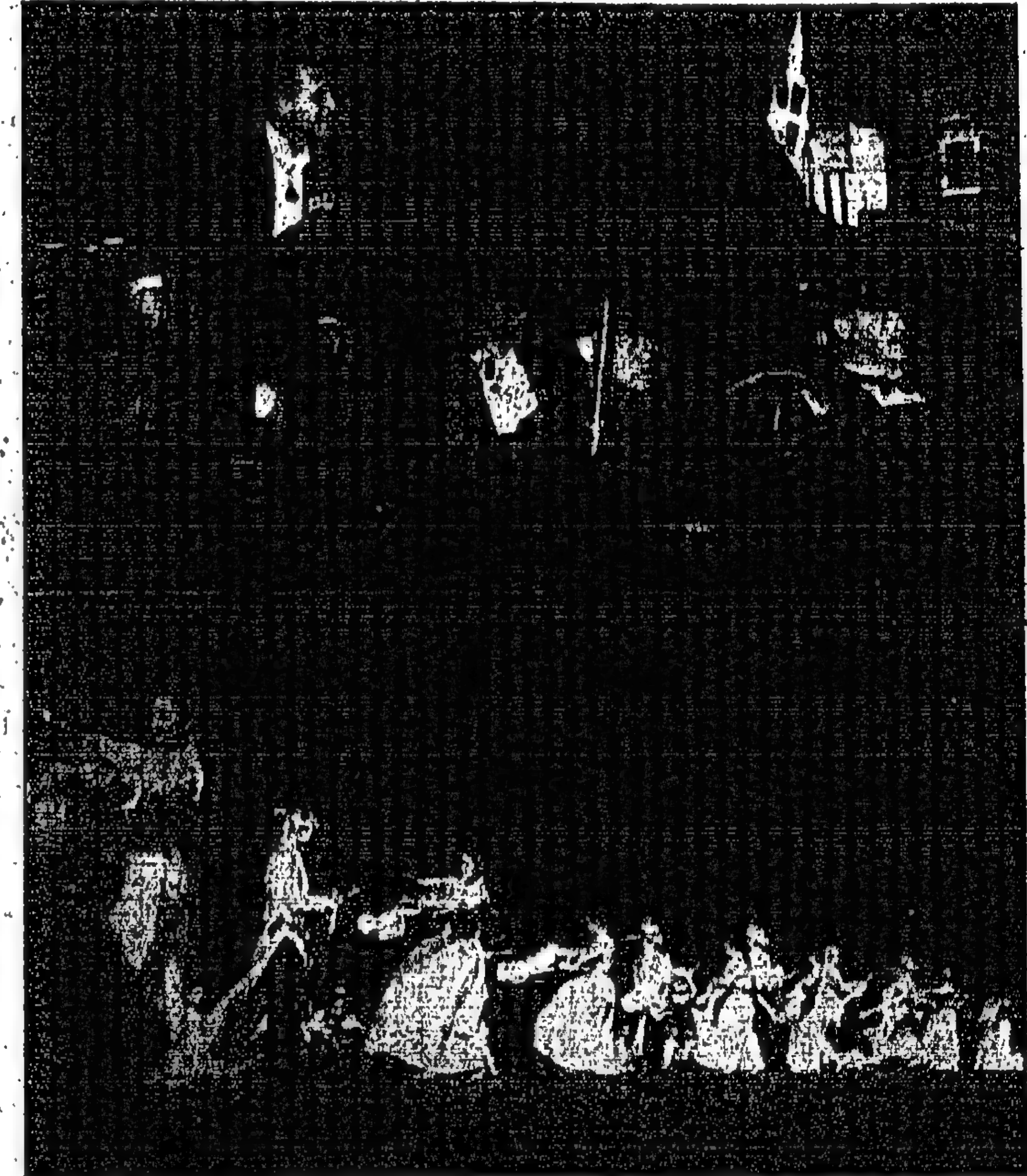
RIGHT: Thousands of children cheered as the Prince drove up to the Government Stadium to watch a mass youth rally put on in his honour. In the top picture the handsome Duke of Edinburgh smiles a greeting as the Royal car enters the Stadium. Below is seen one of the many colourful dances specially composed for the occasion.

By CHINA MAIL PHOTOGRAPHERS

LEFT: The Prince greets Dr the Hon S. N. Chow at the entrance of the Ying King Restaurant where the Royal visitor was entertained to a lavish Chinese banquet. On right is Sir Robert Black, the Governor.

BELOW LEFT: Accompanied by Mr W. S. T. Louey, president of the Hongkong Football Association, the Duke arrives at the Caroline Hill Stadium to join a capacity crowd watching the Combined Hongkong Chinese team trounce the Combined non-Chinese 7 goals to one.

BELOW RIGHT: Prince Philip arriving at King's Park to lay the foundation stone for the largest hospital in the Far East, the \$60 million Queen Elizabeth II Hospital.



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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

A Handkerchief To Embroider

TO SEW BY HAND

MATERIALS REQUIRED

CLARK'S ANCHOR STRANDED COTTON: 1 skein each 606 (Periwinkle) and White. Use 2 strands throughout.

1 Lilac cotton handkerchief.

1 Milwards 'Gold Seal' crewel needle No. 7.

The drawing gives a quarter of the design. Trace three times more joining at dotted lines to complete. Trace design centrally on to handkerchief. Follow diagram and number key for the embroidery. All parts similar to numbered parts are worked in same colour and stitch.

Press finished embroidery well on wrong side.

Alternative Threads

Clark's Anchor Pearl Cotton No. 8 (10 gram ball): 1 ball each 606 (Periwinkle) and White.

Clark's Anchor Filosheen (24 yd ball): 1 ball each 593 (Cornflower) and White. Use 2 strands throughout.

Key to Diagram

- 1—White —Buttonhole Stitch.
- 2—606 —French Knots.
- 3—White —
- 4—606 —Fly Stitch.
- 5—White —
- 6—606 —Straight Stitch.
- 7—606 —Daisy Stitch.
- 8—White —Satin Stitch.

BY MACHINE

MATERIALS REQUIRED

Clark's Anchor Machine Embroidery Thread No. 50 (10 gram reel): colours 606 (Periwinkle) and White.

Machine needle No. 11.

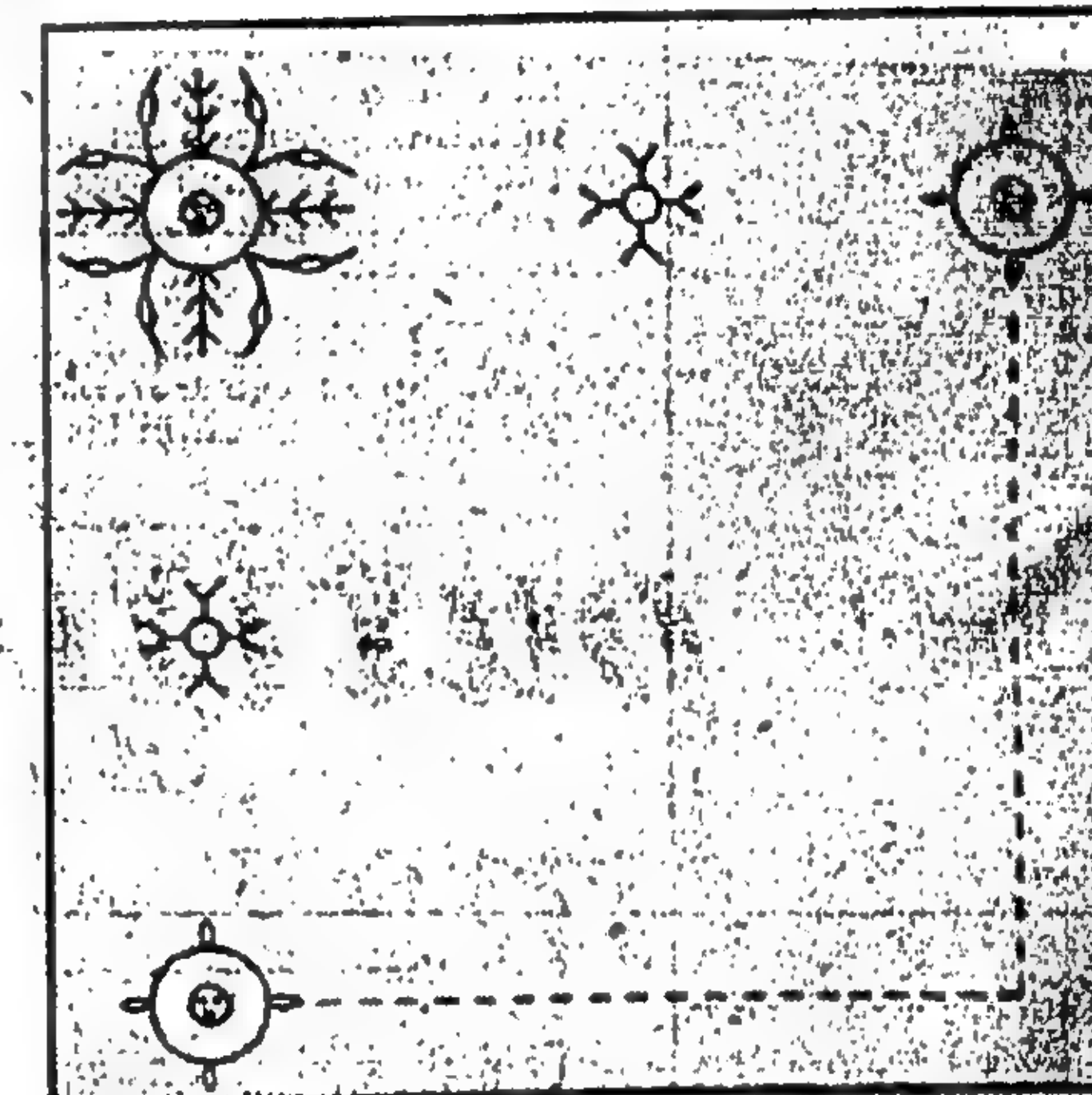
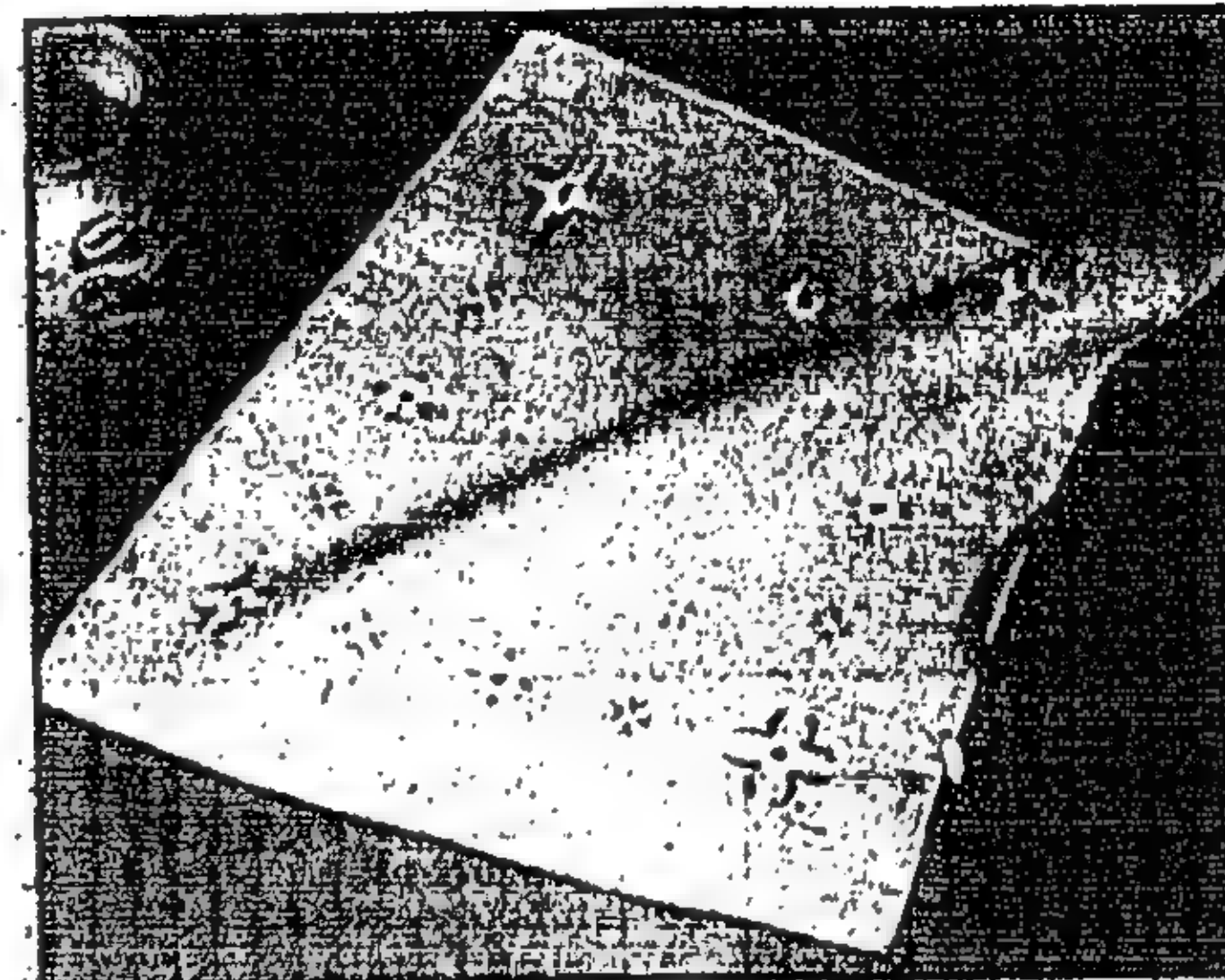
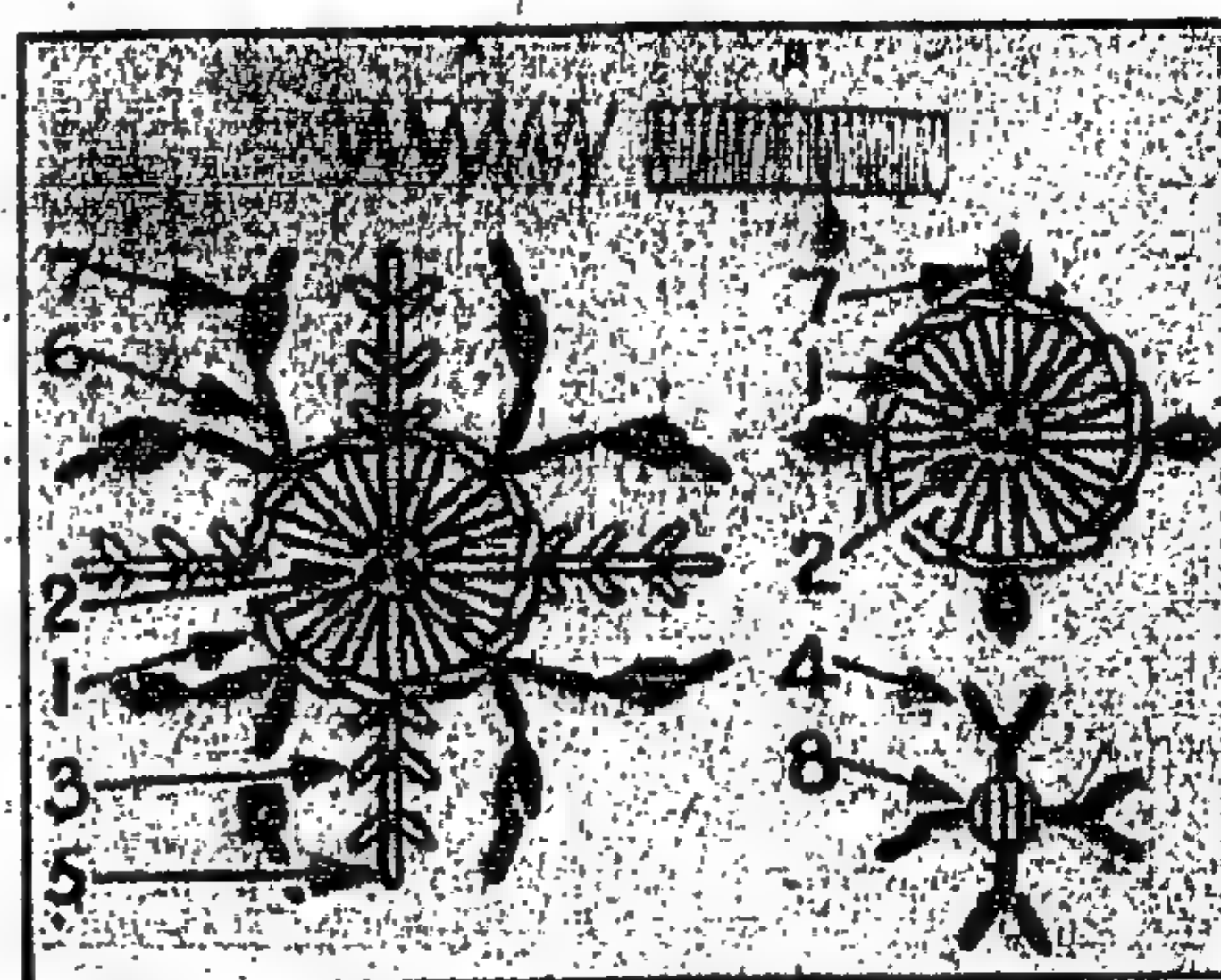
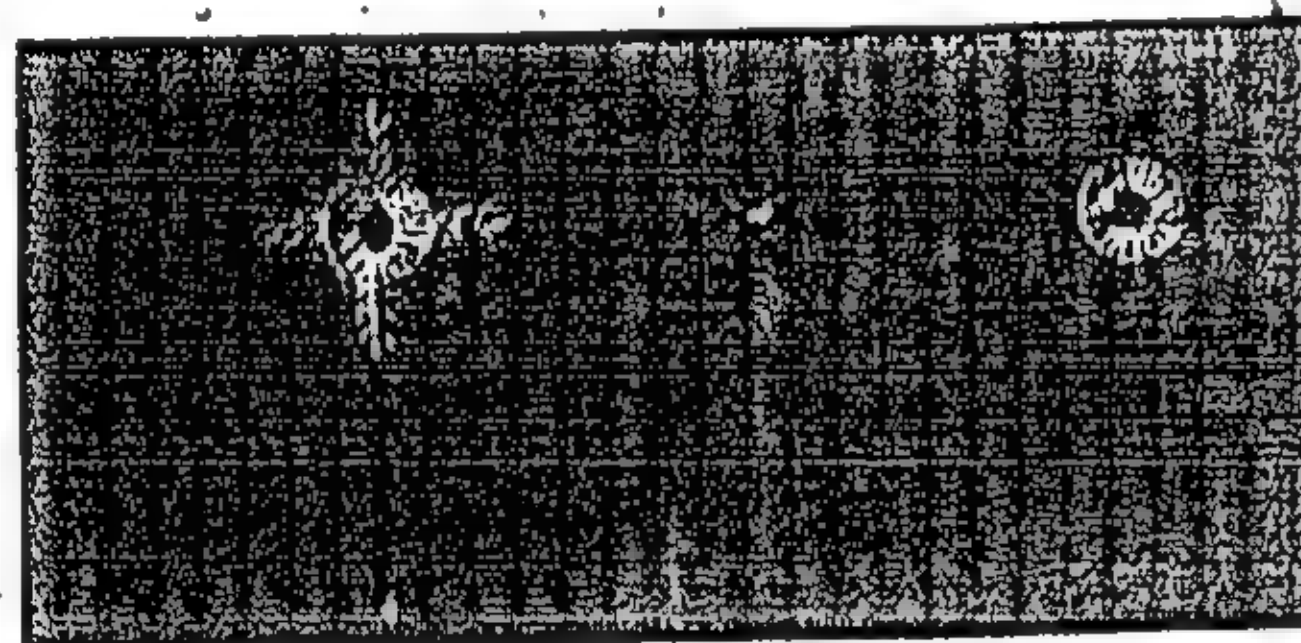
Key to Diagram

- 1—White —Satin Stitch
- 2—606 —
- 3—White —
- 4—606 —
- 5—White —Darning Stitch
- 6—606 —
- 7—606 —Satin Stitch
- 8—White —

Machine Embroidery Diagrams

Satin Stitch, figures A and B. Figure A shows how the needle carries the thread from side to side of the space to be filled. Figure B—the stitches worked closely together to form the Satin Stitch.

Machine Embroidery requires all diagrams.



FIVE RULES FOR HOME-MAKERS

Architect-designer Misha Black gives bride-to-be Susan Longfield five furnishing rules.

1. **TAKE YOUR TIME.** Your home will be co-ordinated if you furnish gradually.
2. **DON'T BE AFRAID** of bright colours—but use them in small areas so that they can be changed occasionally.
3. **LIGHTING** should be broken up and distributed about the room.
4. **IF YOU MIX** contemporary and period furniture—use only a few antique pieces.
5. **TRY** to "personalise" your rooms.

Mr Black elaborated: "If you are moving into a new flat, it will be at least six months before you feel completely settled in it. 'Don't try to decide on final details before then.' The most practical colour schemes are neutral ones with small touches of colour, according to Mr Black. 'You could decide on walls, carpets, and upholstered furniture in creams and beige. Then use splashes of colour in scatter-cushions and bright chintz drapes,' he said.

Be choosy

"When it comes to lighting, one central fitting will not do. Have several lights, well placed around the room. And where possible, let light reflect off

surfaces of tables and other objects. 'I like to see period furniture mixed with contemporary. But be careful to use taste and discrimination when choosing the antiques. Never have more than a few period pieces. Too many will make your room look like a museum.' Mr Black suggested that Miss Longfield, an amateur artist, should display her paintings prominently in her rooms. 'Your flat should reflect your interests,' he said. 'Do everything you can to personalise the rooms.' And for those who don't paint, Mr Black suggests a large cork board hung on the wall. 'You can pin pictures, cards, and invitations to the cork board,' he said, 'and change them as often as you like.' —(London Express Service).

Killer Pills

London. "There is no doubt that this is a new factor which should be seriously considered." Latest figures for Great Britain show that in a single year more than two million people had to have hospital treatment after home mishaps. And 7,927 died—more than were killed on the roads of the United Kingdom. During the same period there were 218,333 road accidents throughout Britain—involving 3,550 deaths and 63,700 people seriously hurt. "Which proves," added Mr Tye, "that you are ten times safer crossing the road than you are staying indoors." Other causes of deaths and injuries in the home are: Stiletto heels: "They are walking death-traps—yet housewives even climb ladders in them." The "do-it-yourself" cult: Especially when it concerns electricity.

YOUR BIRTHDAY . . . By STELLA

SATURDAY, MARCH 14

BORN today, you have a penchant for the dramatic and are apt to bring an expression of this element into your personal life. In addition to utilizing it in your career, you have a keen original mind and should make a considerable contribution to the world's knowledge during your lifetime. If you do not, then it is no one's fault but your own. The stars have given you talent, but it is up to you to develop it.

You are a person of varying moods. Sensitive to your living conditions, it is likely that you will tend to reflect them in your work. Your imagination is such that you are able to project yourself into almost any situation. Everything that happens around you becomes a part of you—and you of it. There are times when you are withdrawn and depressed, other times when you are outgoing, witty and full of charm. The trouble is, sometimes even you don't know what mood you'll be in at any given time! This unpredictable temperament may prove difficult. Try to do something constructive about it!

You women will want to be boss in your own homes. You have a talent for managing others—and even making them like it most of the time. Your own home and family can become the most important thing in your life—in fact, your career!

Among those born on this date are: Maxim Gorky, author and dramatist; Kemp Malone, noted etymologist; Albert Einstein, physicist; James Bogardus, inventor; Thomas Hart Benton, statesman.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, MARCH 15

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—It taken two to make an argument, so if someone tries, keep silent! Then all will be well.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Exercise caution in the morning and be as diplomatic as you know how to be!

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—A good person this morning may give you the inspiration you need now.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Morning hours should be relaxed and afterwards you can keep any social engagements.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Some community affair may need your support. Attend it and make it called upon.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Hold your temper this morning and the rest of the day will be pleasant and cheerful.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Watch your step before lunch-time. You may say something that you might regret later.

LINER (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—You have three good days ahead if you handle an early-morning situation tactfully today.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Caution and foresight early today will circumvent difficulty later.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If you are co-operative with others this morning, perhaps changing plans—all goes well.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Get some extra rest this morning and you can come through a troubled period well.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—This should turn into a fine day for your efforts, provided you are helpful this morning.

SUNDAY, MARCH 15

BORN today, the stars appeared to have been smiling when you were born. You have been given many outstanding talents and the ability to quietly go about getting what you want. You are not the type to blow your own horn, but your general actions speak loudly in your favour. You have the ability to express yourself clearly and succinctly. No one is ever in doubt as to what you mean.

Your affections are very deep, yet you are not especially demonstrative, except when among your own family and loved ones. You may criticize others, but let someone criticize one of your own and there will be fireworks. Your loyalties are deep-seated and you will battle to the finish for anyone you consider a loyal friend. You can be as bitter an enemy, however, as you are a good friend.

You have considerable personal magnetism which draws people into your circle. You do not take suggestions very well, and figure that you know as well as most, and better than many, what should be done. You will never do your best work when taking directions from someone else. You flourish when you are able to be the leader!

Among those born on this date are: Liberty Hyde Bailey, botanist and educator; Harold L. Ickes, statesman; Frank P. Matthews, statesman; James H. Hackett, actor; Andrew Jackson, U. S. President.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, MARCH 16

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Plan to get a lot done today. This is one of your big production days this month.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—If your work is connected with merchandising, this should be a banner day for you.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—If you are looking for a new job, you may find exactly what you want today.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Personal affairs should move exactly to your specifications. Get what you want now.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Make careful plans for the future and then set out about fulfilling them today.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—If you have a brilliant new idea, this is exactly the day to introduce it. Get good results.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A fast-moving day, so be ready to act when opportunity comes your way, as it probably will.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Things should go well with you at work. A promotion could be yours for the asking.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Select some major project and then give it your undivided attention now for success.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Combine business and social affairs expeditiously. Invite the boss home for dinner.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—You can set off on that business trip and expect excellent results now. Get moving!

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Take that calculated risk today and make rapid progress toward your major objectives.

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SHOW BUSINESS

Roderick Mann *****

Anna just glows when she talks about Frankie Vaughan...



© This is Anne Heywood as she appears in her new film *The Heart of a Man*. This summer she is off to make a film in Rome. Remembering the Belinda Lee episode, the Rank Organisation has shown commendable restraint in not inserting a clause in her contract forbidding her to associate with stray Roman princes. Perhaps there are no more stray Roman princes?

I HAVE met strong men who would crawl through a mile of barbed wire in a howling blizzard rather than go to see one of Anna Neagle's pictures—but I have never met anyone who didn't like her personally.

She is so extraordinarily nice.

I talked to her last week about the fate of her latest picture, *The Lady is a Square*. For *Variety*—which lists the box-office figures—had reported ominously: "*The Lady is a Square* made a mild start..."

And its box-office take, during the first week, had only been around one-third of the money taken by that current British money-spinner *Room at the Top*.

Why was this? I asked the nice Miss Neagle. Could it be that those cinemagoers who had grown to know and love her over the years found the combination of her and Mr Vaughan curiously choking-making?

SOME WERE SURPRISED

Miss Neagle gave me a cup of tea and a biscuit. She said:—

"Well... it's true, that some people wrote expressing surprise when they saw a picture of me and Frankie living in the film, and it's also true that some people who have liked me in serious roles—Odette, for instance—may not want to see *The Lady is a Square*."

"But I cannot believe that anyone who has seen the picture could resent Frankie and I being teamed together."

I WON'T ARGUE

But, I said, what about those who hadn't seen it; who had found the combination of Vaughan and Neagle so tremendously restful?

"Really, you know, the film has done extraordinarily well," said Miss Neagle. "It has?" I asked.

"Indeed yes," she said, with firm conviction. "We are very happy about it."

Perhaps it was the other way round, I suggested. He was an extraordinarily popular young singer. Perhaps his fans found Miss Neagle too square, a lady for their taste?

"I can't believe that," said Miss Neagle. "If you'd said Tommy Steele, I'd have agreed. I'm sure his kind of audience and mine are far apart. But not Frankie. With him, I feel we have merged the best of two worlds."

She rose, glowing with sincerity, and said good-bye. Then she went back to work on the picture she is currently producing, *The Heart of a Man*.

Starting of course, Mr Frankie Vaughan.

DECEIVING

Princess Margaret has already been that magnificent film *Girl*. And she will see it again, when she and the Queen go to the new Columbia Theatre.

She loves the record and particularly admires Leslie Caron's performance. But what the Princess does not know is this: Miss Caron does not do the singing.

The voice that sings the songs—so expertly dubbed that nobody has yet questioned it—belongs to singer Betty Wand. PUZZLING

Mr Marty Wilde, who gyrates when he sings, and Miss Jackie Lane, who gyrates when she walks, were asked by a magazine recently: "Do you always expect a kiss on your first date?"

Mr Wilde replied: "I'd kiss a girl if she showed me she wanted me to... I take a girl out for a good time."

Miss Lane replied: "I don't think a boy should go further than a handshake when he says goodnight. As for an embrace—that's taboo."

Miss Lane and Mr Wilde met for the first time last week on the set of their new film *Jetstream*.

Said Mr Wilde to Miss Lane: "I read what you wrote. Wasser-matter—aren't you human?"

NOT A LEER

Miss Nadja Tiller, one of Germany's leading actresses, is at present in Britain making *The Rough and the Smooth*. She is the actress who shot to prominence when she starred in the German film *That Girl Rosemarie*—the story of a German girl murdered in 1957.

Because high political and business names were involved in the scandal, the West German Government foolishly tried to ban the picture. With the result that it is now the most popular film in Germany.

Will it be seen in Britain? Said Miss Tiller: "I know of no plans to show it in Britain. Don't get the wrong impression about this film: it is not sensational. There is nothing in it to leer over."

(London Express Service).

INSIDE SHOW BUSINESS

edited by JOHN LAMBERT & PETER EVANS *****

How they're putting—smell into films!

Smell-O-Vision

How and when it is used

Cast in order of appearance

Turkish Cigarette

Eau-de-Cologne

Caviar

Spirits and Wine

Apple Blossom

Timber

Coffee

DEvised BY RAYMOND HAWKEY. DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY MICHAEL RAND.

The technique... for a typical Western

IN an airy office overlooking Hyde Park, where Mike Todd planned "Around the World in 80 Days," we watched film director Jack Cardiff plotting where the smells will come in the first "smellie" film.

The idea of using smells as a device to draw more customers and add dramatic impact to a film was the last big dream of showmen Todd.

Appropriately, it will reach reality when his son, Mike Todd Jr., and his widow, Elizabeth Taylor—as co-producers—start filming "Scent of Danger" in Spain next month.

Pipe-line

It is in many ways a Todd-AO size challenge. So we asked Jack Cardiff—who breaks onto the really select field of film directing with the assignment—to explain it all.

How does the system work? By a pipe-line which pumps the appropriate smells to each seat in the cinema. There can be no

standing room for a "smellie" film because the smells can only be sniffed sitting down. It takes 10 seconds for each smell to fade. The process starts with an electrical "cue" connected to the sound-track of the film. When a smell cue is given it starts the pipe-line plant at the back of the cinema. The plant looks like a lake-box and operates like a milk-bottling machine.

Six-inch phials of chemicals rotate into the lake-box, and supply the appropriate smells. Just one of the phials carries enough chemical smell for hundreds of performances.

How effective is it? Says director Cardiff: "It is astonishingly realistic and because of that can add to the realism of a picture. In the mystery thriller we are making all the clues are smells. This adds to the audience participation, and the suspense."

No smoking

Are there any snags? "Yes, a few. For instance, smoking will have to be banned at 'smellie' cinema, because it lessens the effect."

"Also, we have had to make exhaustive inquiries into poisonous smells. We can-

not have the smell of smoke as it might well cause panic in the cinema."

"Also, we have to make sure that the smells are dramatically effective, not just distracting."

Who invented the system? "A Swiss scientist called Hans Laube. But it was in 1951 that Mike Todd saw, first became interested in the idea."

"It has taken all that time since to perfect it and make it economically possible. Any number of smells can be manufactured—even the subtle differences between black and white coffee."

(London Express Service).



TEACHER'S

"Highland Cream"

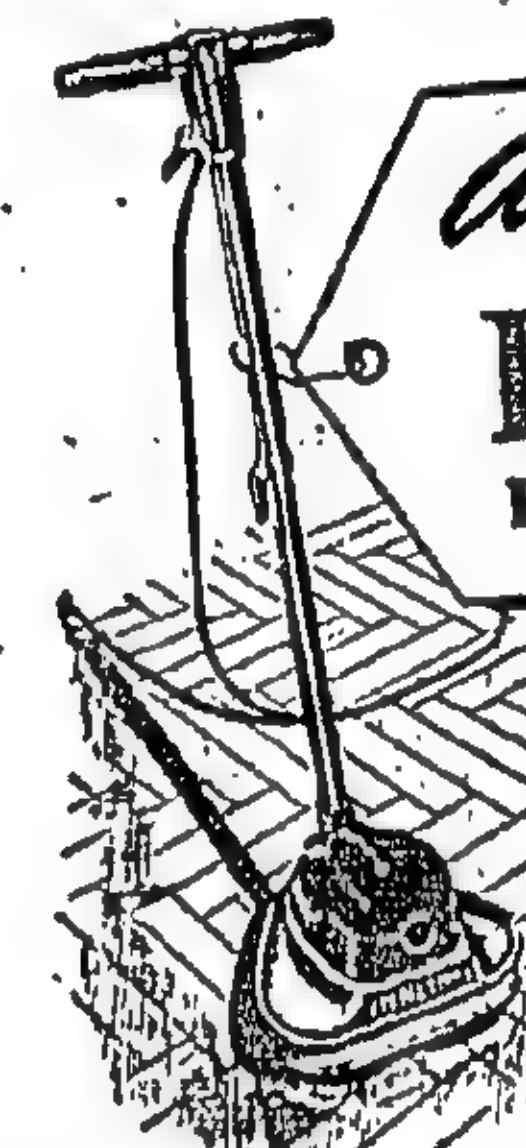
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She's twenty, she's at the top

**BUT CONNIE FRANCIS,
BEST-SELLING GIRL
SINGER, STILL FEELS
A HUNGRY YEARNING**

by JOHN LAMBERT

CONNIE FRANCIS, the girl who has sold 5,000,000 records in one year, looked at herself in the mirror and said: "The trouble with success is that it makes me want to eat the whole world every day." At 20 Miss Francis has enough to satisfy an Amazon's appetite for success. She is the world's top girl pop singer. She has 300 fan clubs and £1,500 a week to show for it. But she hungers for more.

With a fierceness that sounds surprising from a girl of 5ft. 11in. with big, brown eyes, she says: "I'm the sort of person who has got to be the best at anything I do. It may sound conceited, but I just gotta."

Concise aside, Connie Francis seems the sort of girl who would be a success at anything.

AT FOUR she could play the accordion.

AT TWELVE she published her first song.

AT FIFTEEN she won an American typing championship.

AT SEVENTEEN she won a four-year scholarship to New York University.

AT NINETEEN, disappointing her professors, she became a big pop star.

"I know that I'm not really a star yet," she says demurely. Then her brown eyes suddenly glow feverishly and she adds:

"But I'm equally sure that I'm going to be a big star, and I always have felt that."

"That is why I have kept a diary ever since I was 15, because some day I think it should interest a lot of people."

Success

That diary is as formidable as Miss Dale's even listing everybody she meets.

"That way," says the girl with a reputation for making friends and influencing disc jockeys, "I never forget a name. It counts, I reckon."

I asked her what the diary had noted on the first year of being a success. She answered: "A much more assured approach to my work on the outside, towards meeting people too. But no calmness inside my head, where it counts."

"Three months after 'Who's Sorry Now?' caught on I was a sorry character myself. I had low blood pressure, anaemia, a life that only seemed to spin on wax."

"I told Nat King Cole about it one night, and he told me that was the pay-off to being an overnight sensation."

"He told me success was not in material things, and he was so right. I used to think that if I had big record sales, if I could buy my mother a house and a fur coat, and send my kid brother to college I would have life made."

"I still live and die in the Top Twenty. And I envy artists like Frankie Laine or Peggy Lee, who have been through all this and survived as big talents."

I asked her why she wanted success. She wrinkled her pretty, titled nose.

"I have just always wanted to be different, to be apart from the crowd—but with the crowd right there watching me," she said.

(London Express Service).



"SHAKE-DOWN" FOR CONNIE FRANCIS: "I LIVE AND DIE IN THE TOP TWENTY," SHE SAYS.

Why Were These Men Forgotten?

THE LAND GOD GAVE TO CAIN. By Hammond Innes. Collins. 15s.

HORNBLOWER IN THE WEST INDIES. By C. S. Forester. Michael Joseph. 15s.

THE rattling good yarn of today requires not only a first-class story, but also a highly authentic background, technological if possible, accurately and vividly described. Mr Hammond Innes scores on both counts in his new novel.

It is set along and beyond the construction camps of a great railway being driven yard by yard into the wastes of the Labrador.

The author has put to superb use the two journeys he made there. The world of this great engineering project, pressing forward in the teeth of the most hostile of climates, is brought vividly alive, and the harsh and desolate landscape of frozen lakes and eternal jack-pines is sharply drawn for us.

Bowdlerised

While to this background he has welded a tense and exciting story.

A young Englishman, Ian Ferguson, is pitched into this tough world by an innocent desire to offer information, which may lead to the rescue of two prospectors lost 100 miles beyond the furthest camp.

He is bowdlerised to find the search for them already abandoned when he gets there, although his father, keen amateur, had picked up a message from them a week after they were pronounced officially dead.

Why? Why do the hard-bitten engineers at Head of Seal discount his information? This private quest for the truth takes him up the railway under construction, beyond into the furthestmost camps and then out on a nightmare trek into the bleak unpeopled wilds, to the scene of the prospectors' last encampment. And there too is to discover that the truth in such places as these is sometimes better left undiscovered.

Authentic background detail, though of a rather different kind, is one of the important ingredients of C. S. Forester's success in his tales of Hornblower and George IV's navy. Rear-Admiral Lord Hornblower is now Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's ships and vessels in the West Indies and here are five long incidents in that stormy command.

Mr Forester sketches in his historical backgrounds lightly but with a convincing accumulation of detail. And against it moves the fine, gallant figure of the crusty, tone-deaf admiral, finding it always a little harder to exercise his self-control.

But he is as full of guile as ever, though he is, I seem to notice, getting a little over-sentimental in his late middle-age.

Richard Lister.

(London Express Service).

The Many Sides Of Barney Ross

by GEORGE WHITING

NO MAN STANDS ALONE. By Barney Ross and Martin Abramson. Stanley Paul. 16s.

WEEPY books about the American fight game are not infrequent. Joe Louis came up with the colour bar, Rocky Graziano gave us juvenile delinquency, Henry Armstrong waxed eloquent on religion. And the script-buyers of Hollywood did not pass them by.

Barney Ross, to whom I once had the pleasure of introducing English shandy-gaff, on a hot afternoon in the Catskill Mountains of New York State, pours out more bitter a brew in this seamy but sincere chronicle of the life and times of a fighting man.

Ferocious

Ross has solid establishment in pugilistic history. He beat Tony Canzoneri for the lightweight championship of the world. He took the world welterweight title off Jimmy McLarin, and lost it to Henry Armstrong.

He fought ferociously, he fought well, and never disclosed the handicap of a left arm permanently disabled by a crowbar in a street fight.

But this is far from being only a boxing book. Not even the American big-fight trade, for all its curious angles, can claim precedence in a life that has been intimate with murder, gambling, gangster religion, war, romance, divorce and, perhaps most tragic of all, hope.

If you like, you can have the Barney Ross who won and lost a quarter of a million dollars in the ring.

Or you (and Hollywood) can have Barney's Rascality, the skinny little Jewish kid whose immigrant father was shot dead by a couple of hoodlums in the family grocery store in a Chicago ghetto.

Brow-beater

Or Barney Ross the street arab, raging against society when his father's killers cheated the galleys. The wielder of brass knuckles and beer bottles, the speller, the small-time martie, the "tramp-bunk" (trouble-maker). The barker of reluctant horses, the reform-school candidate. The boy who ran errands for Al Capone—from whom he earned the label of "gold-damn dunc."

Better, you can have the Barney Ross, who, at 33, brow-beat his way into the American Marines and got himself shipped to glory in a hole at Guadalcanal.

One detects the professional hand of co-author Abramson in this part of the book, and there is a silver star for bravery between the lines. Three American marines owe Barney Ross their lives. Twenty-seven Jews haven't had any lives since they met him in action.

Finally, or rather, semi-finally, there is Barney Ross the drug addict, the soldier who con-

tracted malaria, lost \$30b., and took to morphine shots to ease his nightmares; the guy who eventually got a grip of himself in a narcotics hospital—and who now takes snare and sympathy to other less fortunate "junkies."

No love interest? Sure there is Cathy, the dancer Barney met backstage of Boys and Girls Together, is "beautiful, tall and slim, with soft brown hair."

It is with Cathy that Barney Ross makes his point—no man stands alone.

(London Express Service).

An Expert Beats The Angry Men

By RICHARD LISTER

THE WOMAN IN THE BACK SEAT. By Marguerite Steen. Collins. 15s.

THE fly-leaf of Miss Marguerite Steen's new novel reveals that it has had no fewer than 22 predecessors, to say nothing of three biographies, four plays and a book of short stories.

Professional novelists of this standing too often get dismissed by the reviewers with a sentence or two of conventional praise, if they are not overlooked altogether, while the latest newcomer is cried up and treated at length.

Yet Miss Steen is a novelist every bit as intelligent, perceptive, honest and entertaining as Miss You-know-who. And here she takes a wholly contemporary subject and treats it with a great deal less self-pity and sentimentality than the slyer young Mr So-and-so.

Raw life

The Woman in the Back Seat is a sort of Look Back in Anger told from the wife's point of view. Instead of the husband's Ellen was brought up in the pampered pre-war middle class, married a husband who roared and spoiled her without caring her, and was left after the war a widow with a small daughter.

In France she meets Paul, half French, half English, who in his crude, angry way sweeps her off her feet, marries her and takes

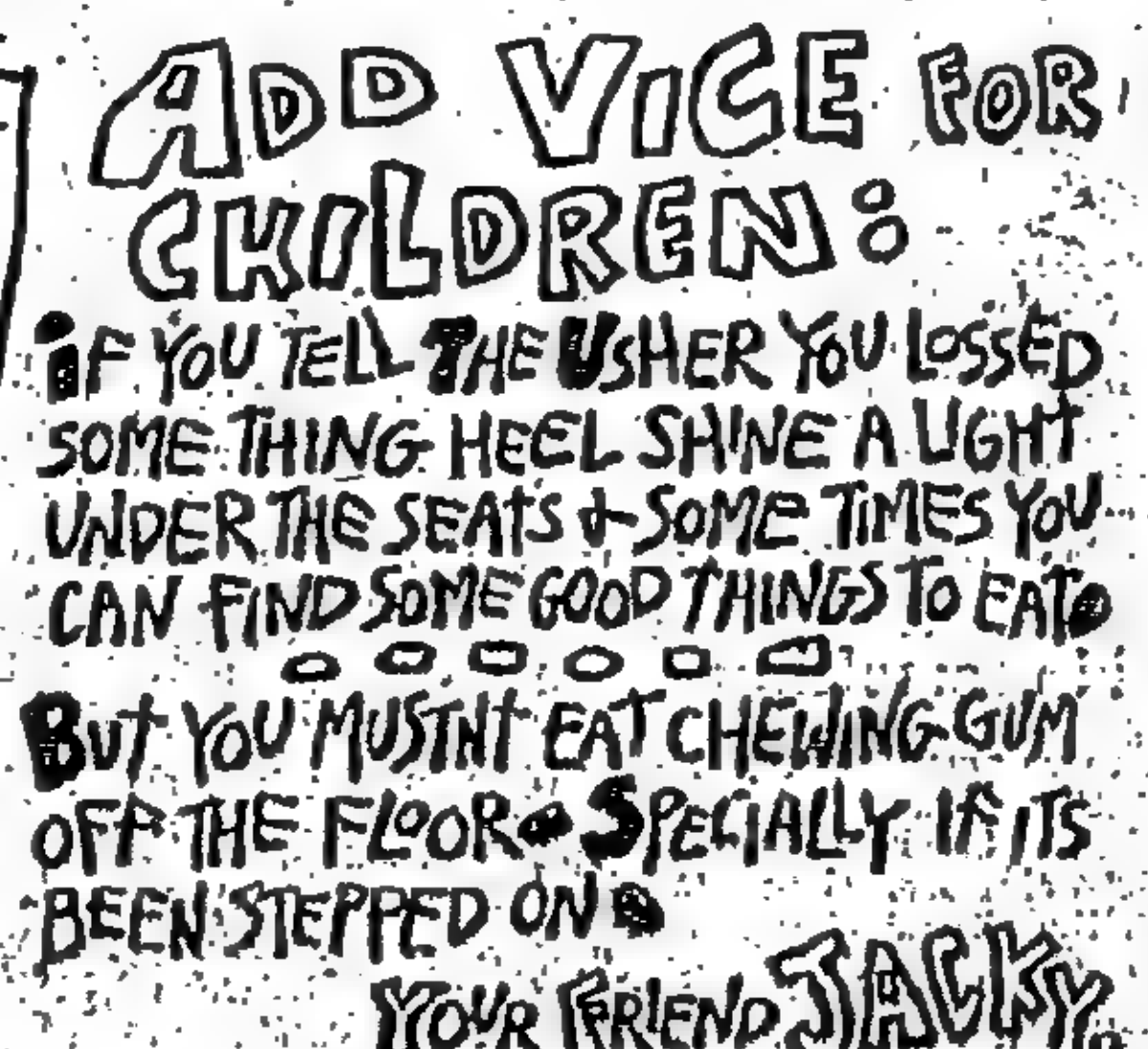
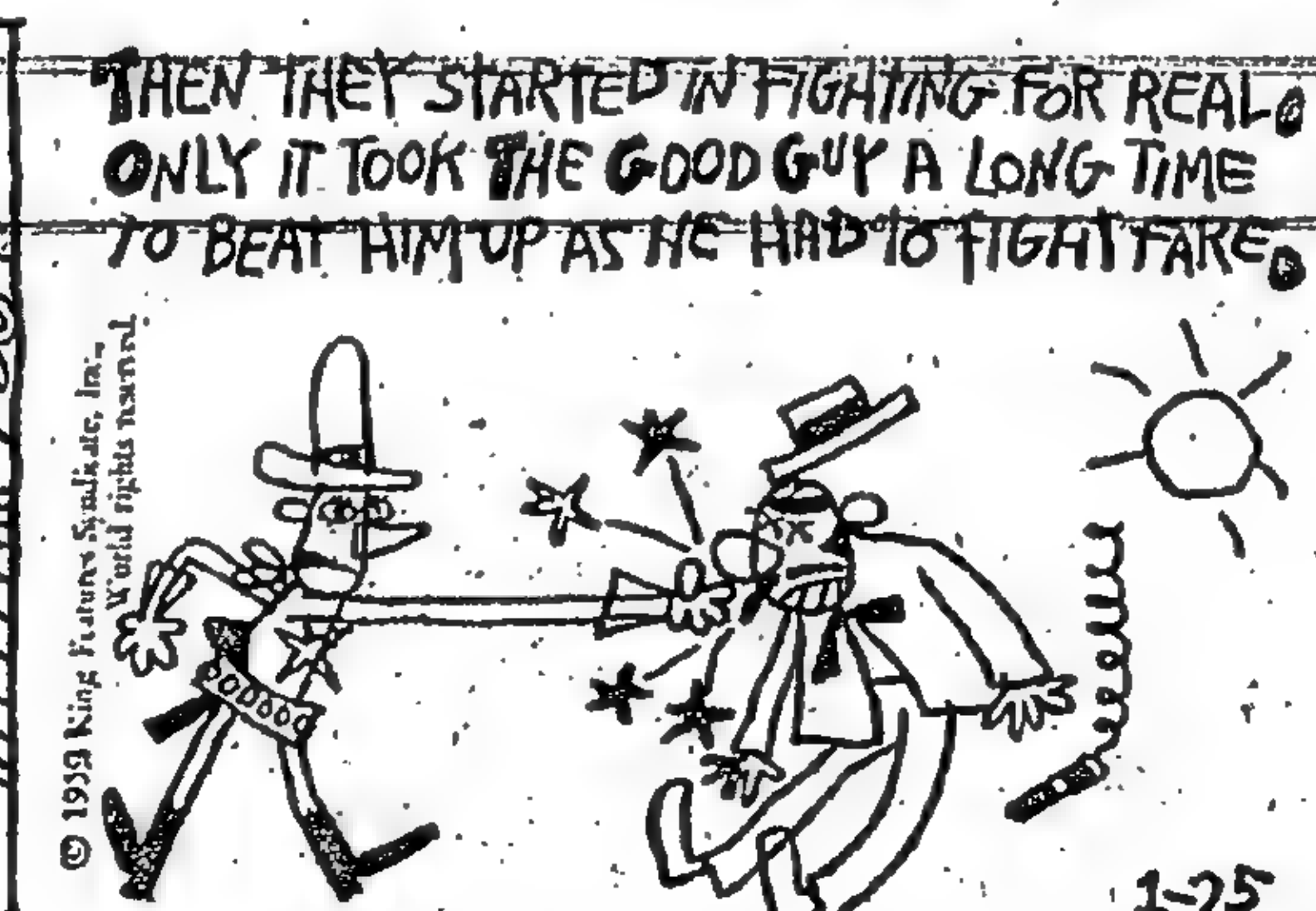
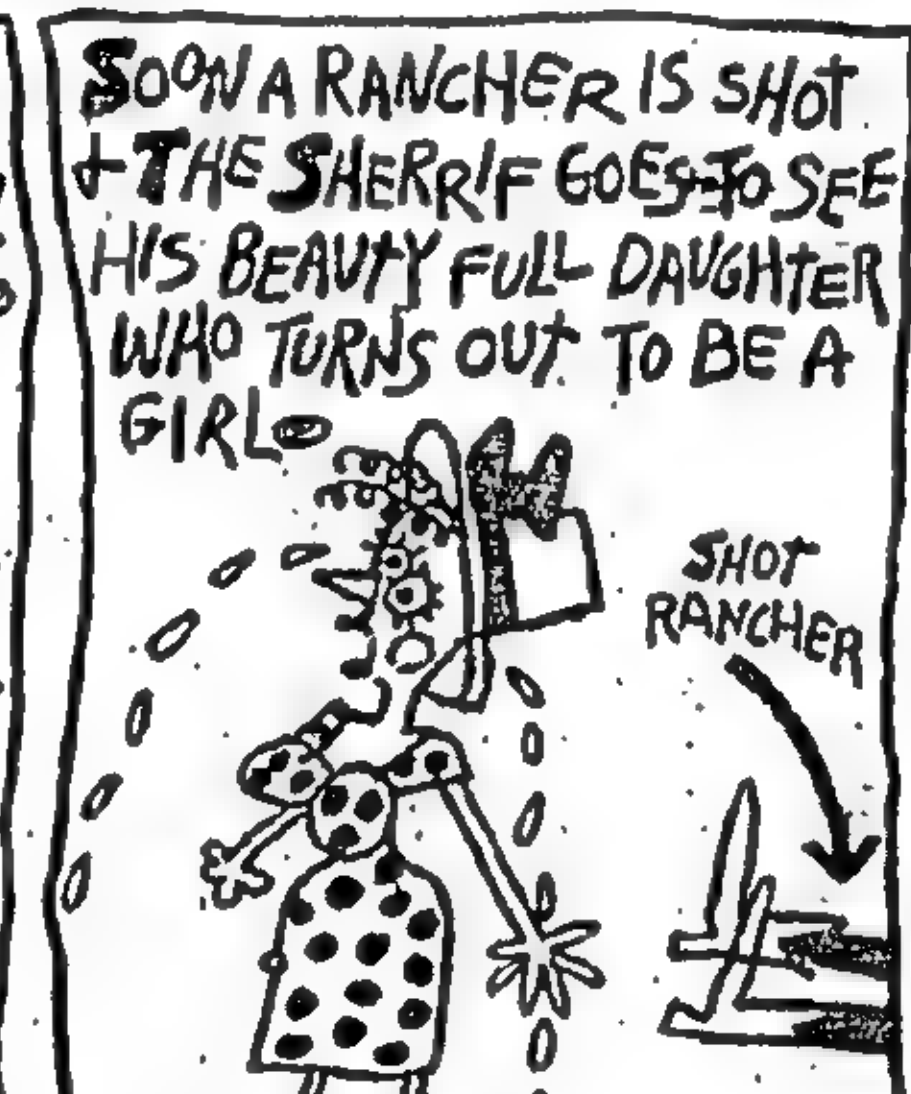
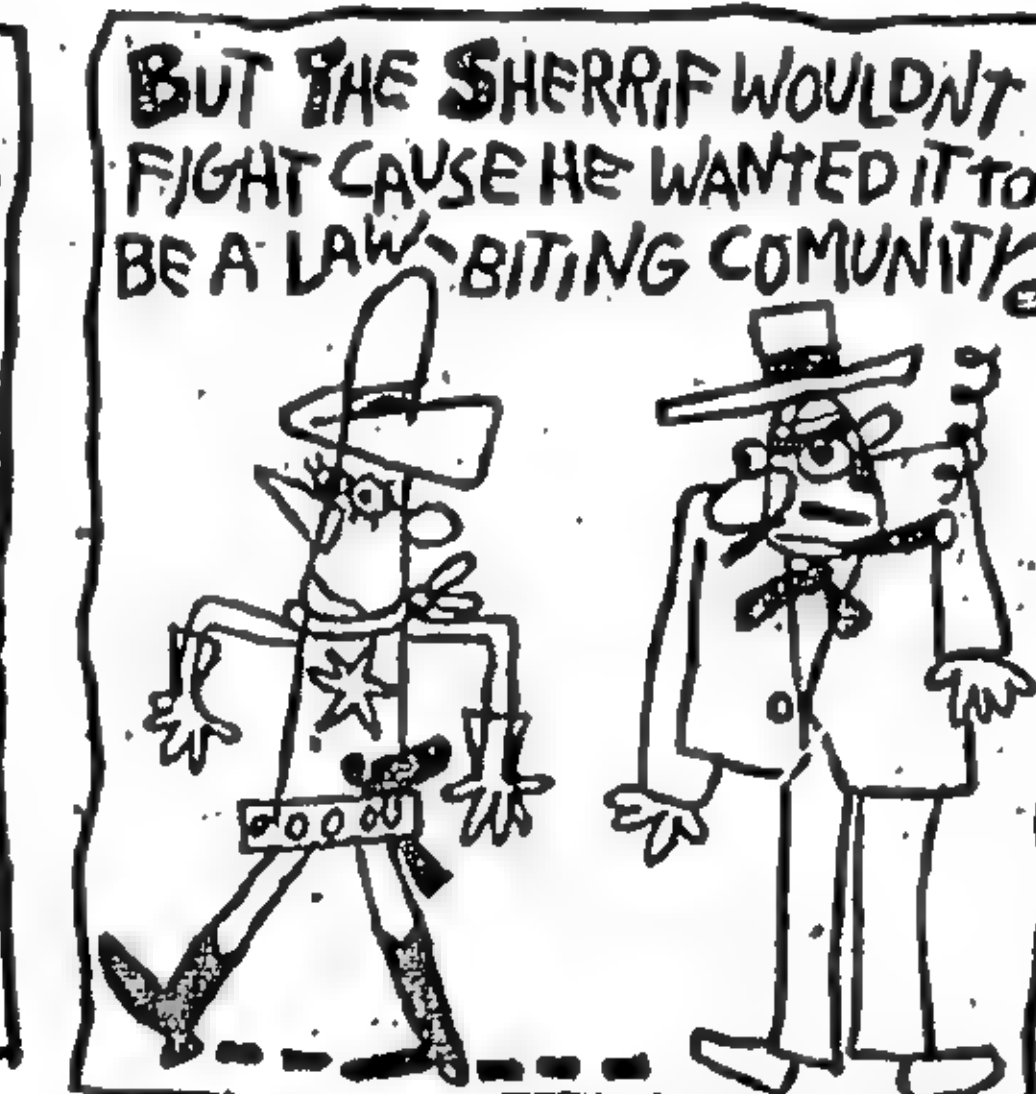
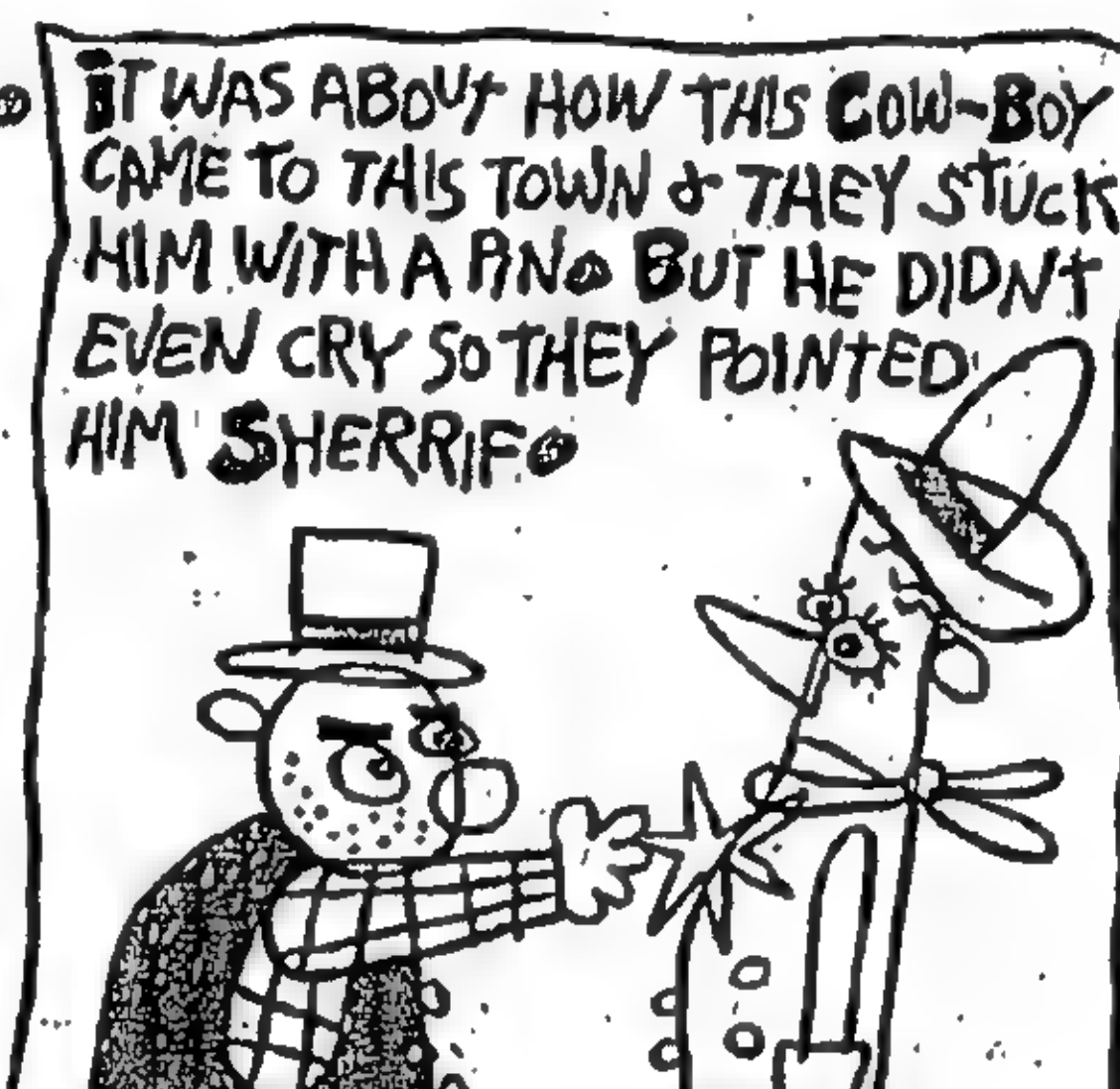
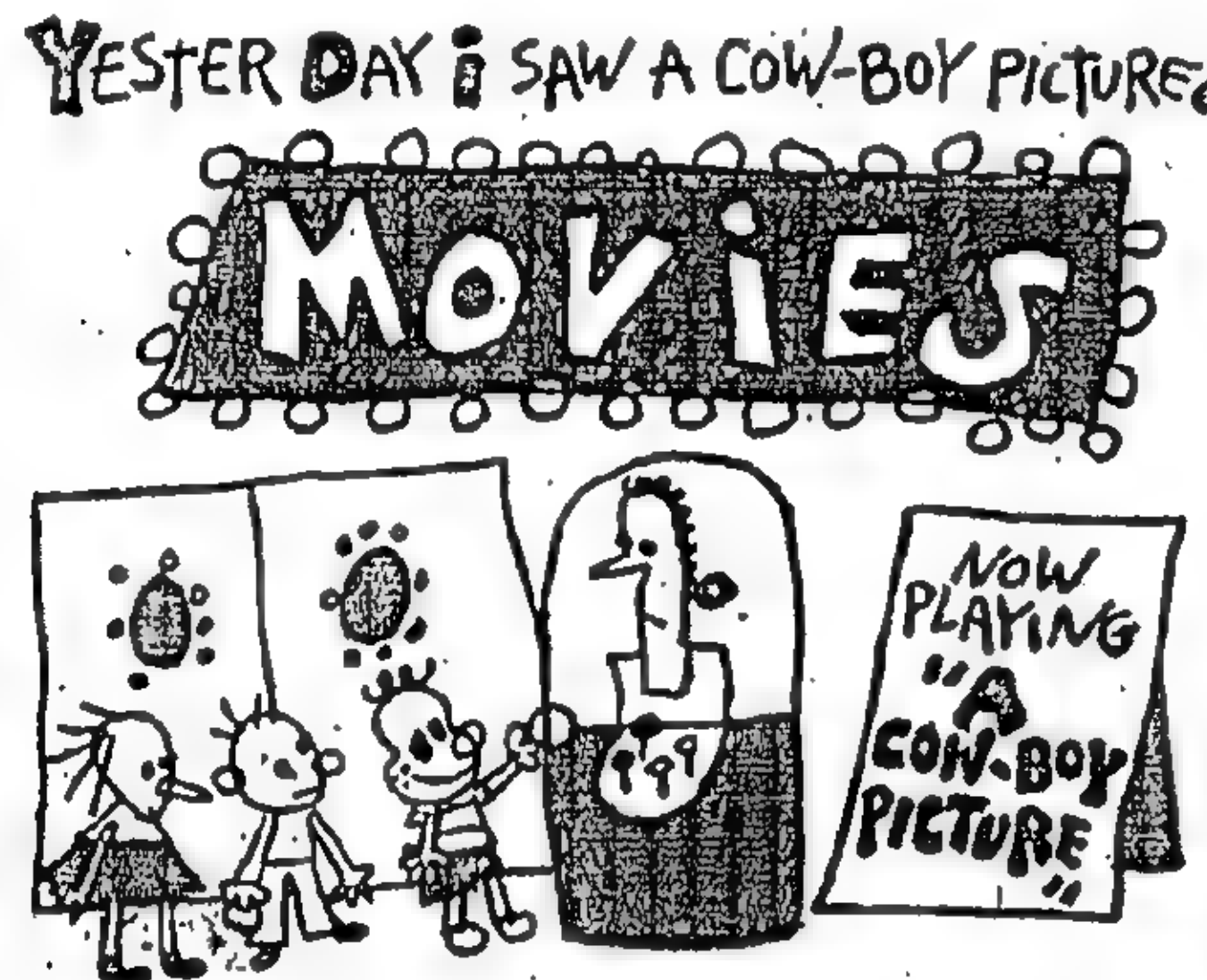
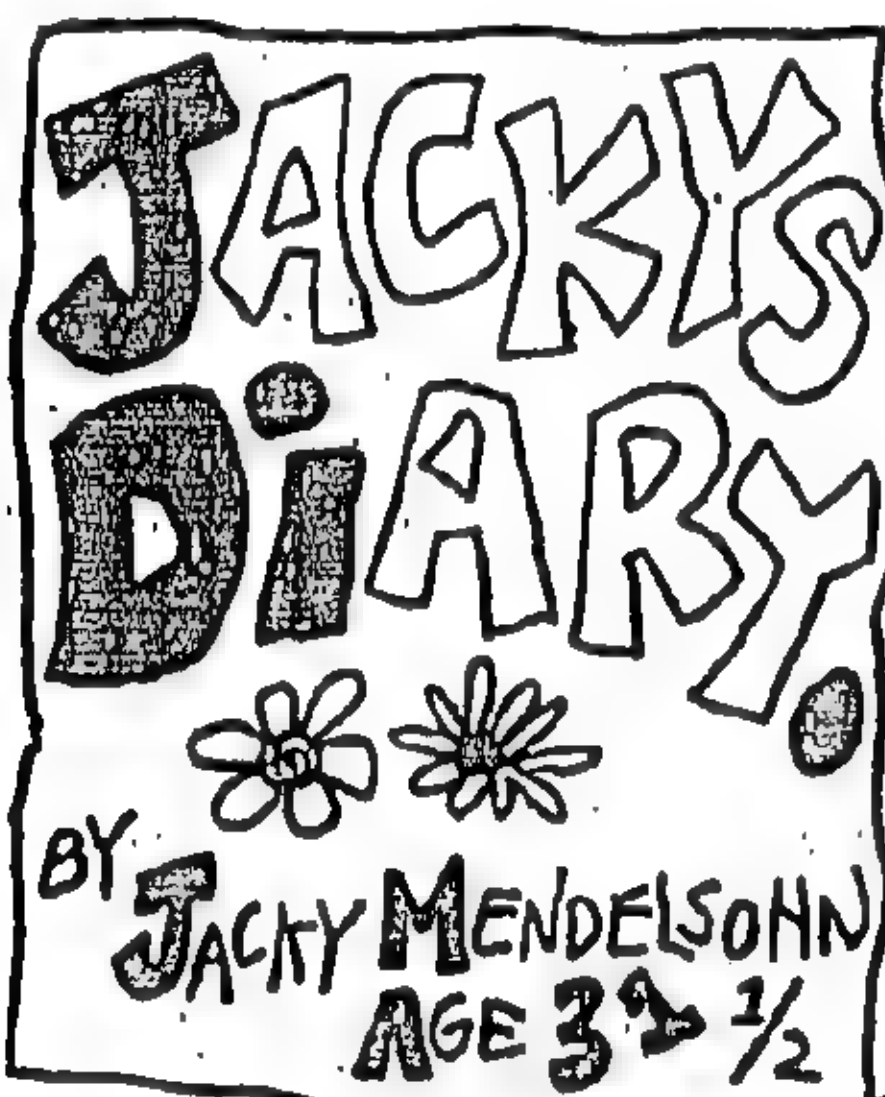
her to live in the provincial university town where he teaches.

Paul has himself come up the hard way, by scholarships and grants, and passionately identifies himself with the angry young generation. As he has already warned Ellen, they and their struggles are his first interest.

Ellen is hopelessly ill-equipped for dealing with this rough, raw, hungry, scruffy layer of life. Miss Steen describes the background of post-war provincial life realistically, but with a remarkable sympathy; and she puts up, through Paul, the most understanding defence of the Young Angries that I have read yet.

Ellen's struggle to adapt is painful and prolonged, and she is finally decided only when her daughter, now an art student, joins the Angries and the alliance between daughter and step-father becomes more than spiritual.

There is no solution only a grey compromise, and Miss Steen does not shrink from a most illuminating, honest and scabbing modern novel.



YOUR FRIEND JACKY

★ ★ ★

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

★ ★ ★

Lightning Can Be Friendly

LIGHTNING CAN be very dangerous — 500 Americans are killed by it every year, and three times that many injured. But lightning is also very beneficial.

★ ★ ★
Nitrogen is one of the substances that our bodies must have to grow, and even to live. While the air we breathe is three fourths nitrogen, we can't use it directly from the air. We simply breathe it right out again. We must get our nitrogen from meat, fruit, or vegetables.

That is where lightning helps us. Plants and animals can't



take nitrogen directly from the air any more than we can, but plants get it from the soil, and animals eat plants, and we eat

animals and plants. Lightning puts the nitrogen in the soil. All the fertilizer plants in the world can't produce the amount of nitrogen acid we get from the action of lightning—more than a hundred million tons a year. So while you will never serve your friends a barbecued lightning bolt, indirectly you do eat lightning.

★ ★ ★

To keep lightning only, as a friend and avoid the danger of being hurt or killed by it, here are some rules to follow:

1. If you get caught out of doors in a thunderstorm, run to the nearest building. The bigger the building, the safer you'll be, especially if it has a steel frame to conduct the electric bolt safely into the ground.

If there is no shelter near, lie flat on the ground until the storm is over.

2. Don't ride your bicycle during a storm. If you're swimming or boating, get to land quickly. And stay away from water indoors, too. Don't take a bath or shower.

3. Stay away from isolated trees, water towers, wire fences or metal pipes. Indoors, don't go near the fireplace, stoves, doors, or windows.

With all these danger zones, it's nice to know that travelling in a thunderstorm is fairly safe. If you're in a car, bus, train, or even an airplane, you may relax and enjoy nature's fireworks, and plan how you're going to cook your next lightning-produced T-bone steak.

—HELEN SEYMOUR

ABOUT KIT CARSON

ONE of Kit Carson's strangest adventures concerned the attempt to save the life of Mrs. James White, the wife of James M. White, a merchant of Independence and Santa Fe.

In October, 1849, Mr. and Mrs. White were in a party travelling to Santa Fe with their small daughter.

★ ★ ★
The party thought there was no danger of Indian attacks. Mr. White was in a hurry, so he went on ahead with but a small party of men. The Indians waited for them and attacked them. There were but two survivors, Mrs. White, and her little girl, who were taken prisoners.

As soon as news of this terrible tragedy reached Teos, a party was organized to rescue Mrs. White and her child. One of the guides was Antoine Leroux, a veteran mountain man, whose reputation and skill as a guide was second only to that of Kit Carson. At Rhyado, Kit Carson joined as an additional guide under the leadership of Leroux. The officer in charge was Major William N. Greer, of the First U.S. Dragoons.

The party reached the scene of the tragedy. The trunks of



Kit Carson's rescue party captured the baggage and equipment of the kidnapped group.

the unfortunate family had been broken open and the contents carried away or destroyed. The rescue party followed the tracks of the Indians. Finally they came to the Indian camp.

"Let us attack at once," suggested Kit Carson, "because

Mrs. White must be still alive and we can save her." However, orders were given to halt because Leroux informed the commanding officer that the Indians wanted to have a parley. They were merely stalling in hope of getting a shot at Major Greer. When the

order was finally given to charge, it was too late. Mrs. White had been shot with an arrow not more than five minutes before!

The Indians were pursued over the prairie. The rescue party captured their baggage and camp equipment as well as many animals. And among her belongings was a book written about a great western hero called Kit Carson. The book told what a wonderful man this Carson was and how he killed hundreds of Indians. For the first time Kit realised he had become famous.

★ ★ ★

Kit Carson always recalled this episode with sadness for he said, "I have often thought that Mrs. White must have read the book about me, and knowing that I lived nearby, must have prayed for my appearance in order that she might be saved. I did come, but lacked the power to persuade those that were in command over me to follow my plan for rescue."

The fate of the little girl remains an unsolved mystery. Congress appropriated \$1,500 to be used to ransom her and an armed escort was provided. For Isaac Dun, Mrs. White's brother, the little girl was never found.

—Harold Gluck

The Town That Moved A Mile

BRICK BY BRICK and board by board, artisans of the Smithsonian Institution recently move a 300-year-old farmhouse from Marlborough, Mass., to Washington, D.C. One of the few surviving authentic homes of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, it was re-erected in a wing of the museum as a permanent exhibit of life in early America.

Moving a house is a fairly routine matter these days. But moving a whole town? That is something else again. Yet it has happened.

The town of Hibbing, Minn., was born when iron ore was discovered in the area. A boom town in the 1890's, Hibbing was much like the gold camps of the old west—loud, brawling and mushrooming.

Though the first settlers didn't know it, Hibbing sat smack-dab on top of one of the richest deposits of iron ore in the area.

As some of the newer houses were built, the excavations for cellars turned up almost pure iron ore.

★ ★ ★
Then about 1915, a boarding house began to sag at one end. The ground beneath was giving way. The building was slowly sliding into one of the big mine pits which encroached to the very edge of the town. Suddenly, one night, it collapsed with a mighty roar into a heap of twisted beams.

Other nearby houses began to sag. Wide cracks appeared in the streets. It was soon evident that the town was gradually being swallowed up by the pits. So an unusual decision was made. The entire town had to move! Every house, store and building was to be uprooted from its original site and moved



Hibbing, Minn., a town on the move, literally.

to a new townsite about one mile away.

The entire town, of fifteen thousand population, was soon on the move. The incredible sight of homes and churches, hotels and shops hitting the road was a spectacle not even witnessed in Hollywood's liveliest nightmares. Buildings were set on rollers and pulled by horses or engines to their new location and set up again on foundations prepared in advance.

★ ★ ★

Many homes were hauled while men continued to sleep in their beds or women cooked meals on flitting stoves. The climax came with the moving of the leading hotel. It stalled on a grade and the resulting tug-of-war came to an abrupt end when, with a great groan, the four-floor edifice collapsed a complete wreck.

But it was the surprising news had refused to be moved—the rest of Hibbing didn't. It stands today on its new site, the town that moved a mile!

—MANUEL ALMADA

THE AIR-RIDING CAR

THE AUTOMOBILE of the 21st Century will actually "ride on air."

Its main source of power will be a novel type of "air-propulsion."

Powerful streams of air pouring out of rear jets close to the ground will actually "push" the car forward.

These air streams will be provided by the action of a propeller with specially-shaped "bucket" blades rotating at a tremendous speed under the car.

* * *

The "wind" generated by these propeller blades will be "funnelled" by the special "bucket" shape of the blades into the channel which releases the air as "propulsion power" against the ground.

The "propulsion" created by the propeller will get its unusual speed from multiplication ratio

gears connected with an ordinary high speed electric motor operating from battery power. A feature of the 21st Century car will be the elimination of springs. Instead of springs, to avoid bouncing, each wheel will have its own self-adjusting air jet supplied from the main channel.

This "spring air-jet" will be directly downward, "pushing" the car "up" so that its occupants actually "ride on air." The 21st Century car will have unlimited visibility, because it will have no front hood. The small electric motor which powers the propeller will be hidden under the floorboard

next to the flat, pancake shaped battery. This car will not fly, but ride on the ground. It will be made possible for the conservative people who dislike the new "flying automobiles" of the year 2000.

—MANUEL ALMADA

A THOUGHT FOR YOU

DO YOU FEEL that you may be "different" not like other people. Well, you are! There is no one exactly like you anywhere, there never has been, nor will be. You are unique, a custom job.

Dr. Roger J. Williams, professor of biochemistry at the University of Texas, says so. And he has been assembling evidence for a long time to prove his claim. Even true twins are not alike in every way. And you may

run across what seems to be your "double," as you call him. But there are many ways in which you may differ inside.

Dr. Williams says people who look alike outwardly may vary so greatly inside that the differences are remarkable. One heart, for example, may beat normally 45 times a minute, another may be ticking away at 100—or anywhere in between, and still be healthy. Lungs and stomachs come in 17 assorted shapes and sizes. Nerves may be close to the surface, causing their owner to feel pain, and other sensations that are never

experienced by one who has a deeply buried network. Human brains may differ from each other as much as those of totally unrelated animals, such as cats and dogs. Is it any wonder we don't all think alike?

In the light of all this, do not expect others to live, think or feel exactly as you do. Nor can you expect to be exactly like someone else. You are singular and unusual. You can, however, be a person others will want to be like. If you live up to the best that is in your unique constitution, it's up to you, this wonderful challenge of "differentness."

—M. S. SHELTON

RIDING AT THE ZOO



A llama is some thing like a pony.



And here, a baby tiger gets a ride.



They call camels the "ships of the desert."

The Mysterious Voice

—Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, Solves a Puzzle—

By MAX TRELL

IT had snowed all night, and in the morning the streets were white as though someone had laid a blanket over them from one end to the other. And behind the house where the flowers had grown all through the spring and summer, the snow lay in thick pillows and mounds. A giant could have slept comfortably on them.

Hardly had the sun risen and begun shining down on all this snow than Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, who had gone out to look at the snow in the garden, came rushing up to Knarf and Hanid, the Shadows, to report on an extraordinary happening.

In The Show

"Something's in the snow!" he said. "I heard it talking!" Teddy was very excited, but Hanid only smiled and said: "Now don't be silly, Teddy."

"But I heard it talking!" Teddy kept saying. "You'd better come out with me. And I even saw it moving around in the snow!"

Knarf and Hanid went around to the back of the house to see what they could discover about this mysterious thing that Teddy thought he heard talking and moving around in the snow.

Teddy Stopped

They had just reached the edge of the garden where the ledges stood like walls of snow, when all at once Teddy stopped short.

"There! Listen! Do you hear it?" Knarf and Hanid stood still to listen. "Sure, enough they heard a deep, rustling cheerful old voice saying: 'Ah, there you are!'"

Knarf and Hanid were to the snow.

Teddy kept peering around, but all he could see was snow.

Strange Voice

"Hello, Teddy!" the voice continued. "Hello, Knarf. Hello, Hanid. I'm glad to see you again!"

By this time, Knarf and Hanid had found their voices. "Who are you? Who's talking?" asked Hanid. "Where are you? Where are you?" Knarf wanted to know. "Are you under the snow?"

The big deep cheerful and very good-natured voice burst into rumbles of plain laughter. "I'm not in the snow," the voice



All at once Teddy stopped short. "Do you hear it?" he asked.

said. "I'm all OVER the snow." "But where are you?" asked Teddy.

"Here," said the voice. The voice distinctly came from under the snow. "Here, here, here!" the voice kept saying. And each time the voice came from a different part of the garden.

The voice was laughing more and more, until finally Hanid stamped her foot in the snow. "Ouch!" said the voice. "Don't do that! You stopped on my ear!"

The Explanation

Then finally it explained who it was. "Last year about this time," it said, "I stood right here—right in the middle of the garden—there's where the snowman stood!" said Teddy.

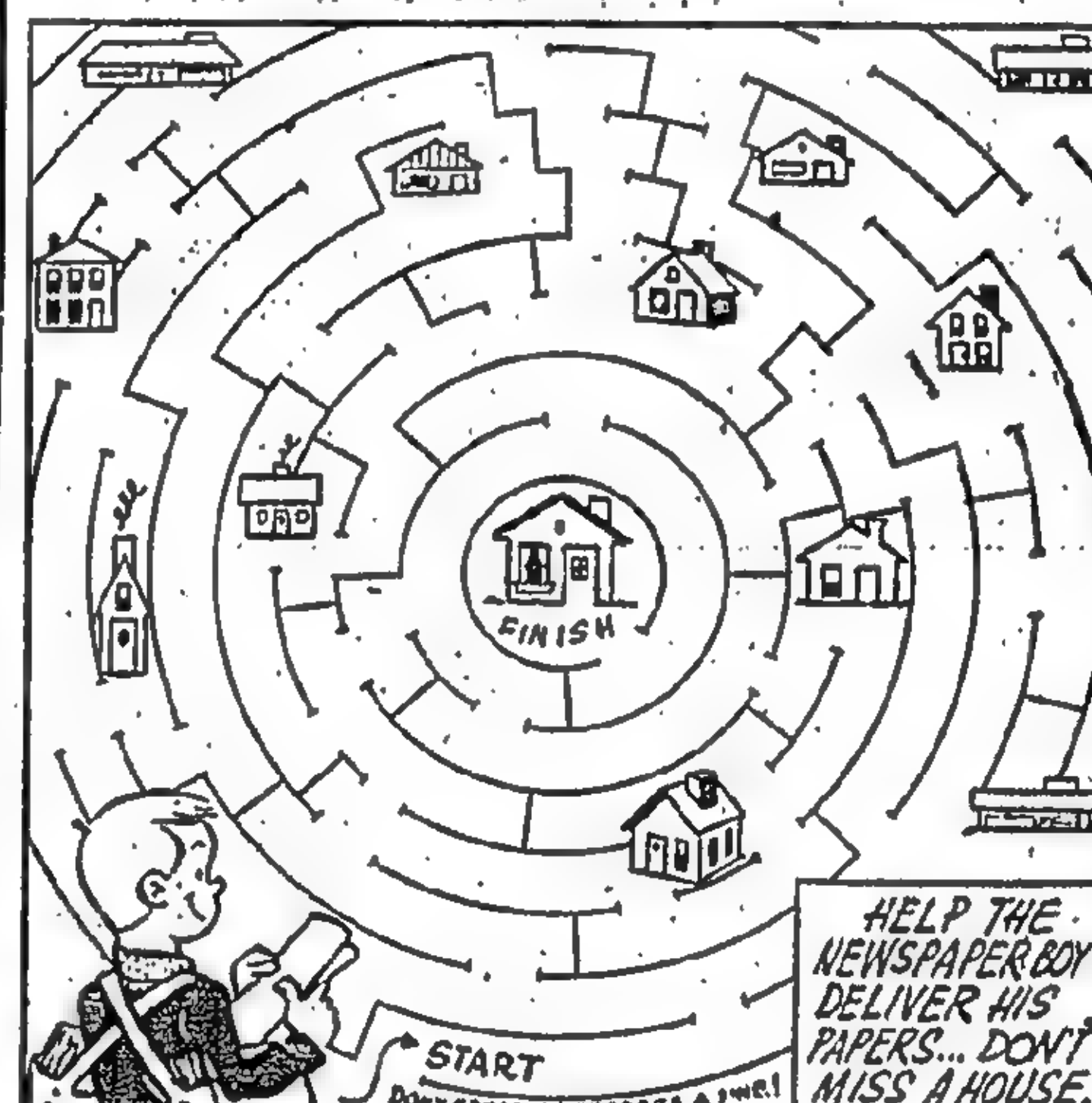
"That's who I am," said the snowman.

When Knarf and Hanid and Teddy heard this, they all danced around. They gathered up armfuls of snow and started heaping them into a great pile.

"Good, good, good!" said the snowman—and now the voice came from the pile of snow. "Build me into a snowman!"

From all parts of the garden, Knarf and Hanid and Teddy brought the snow. Then they shaped the arms and the legs, the body, and the head. They gave him two stones for eyes. They put an old hat on his head and put a carrot in his mouth and a branch for a nose. "How do you do?" said the snowman. "I'm glad to see you all again!"

Help The Newspaper Boy Deliver His Papers



Start from the outside and see how far you can get.

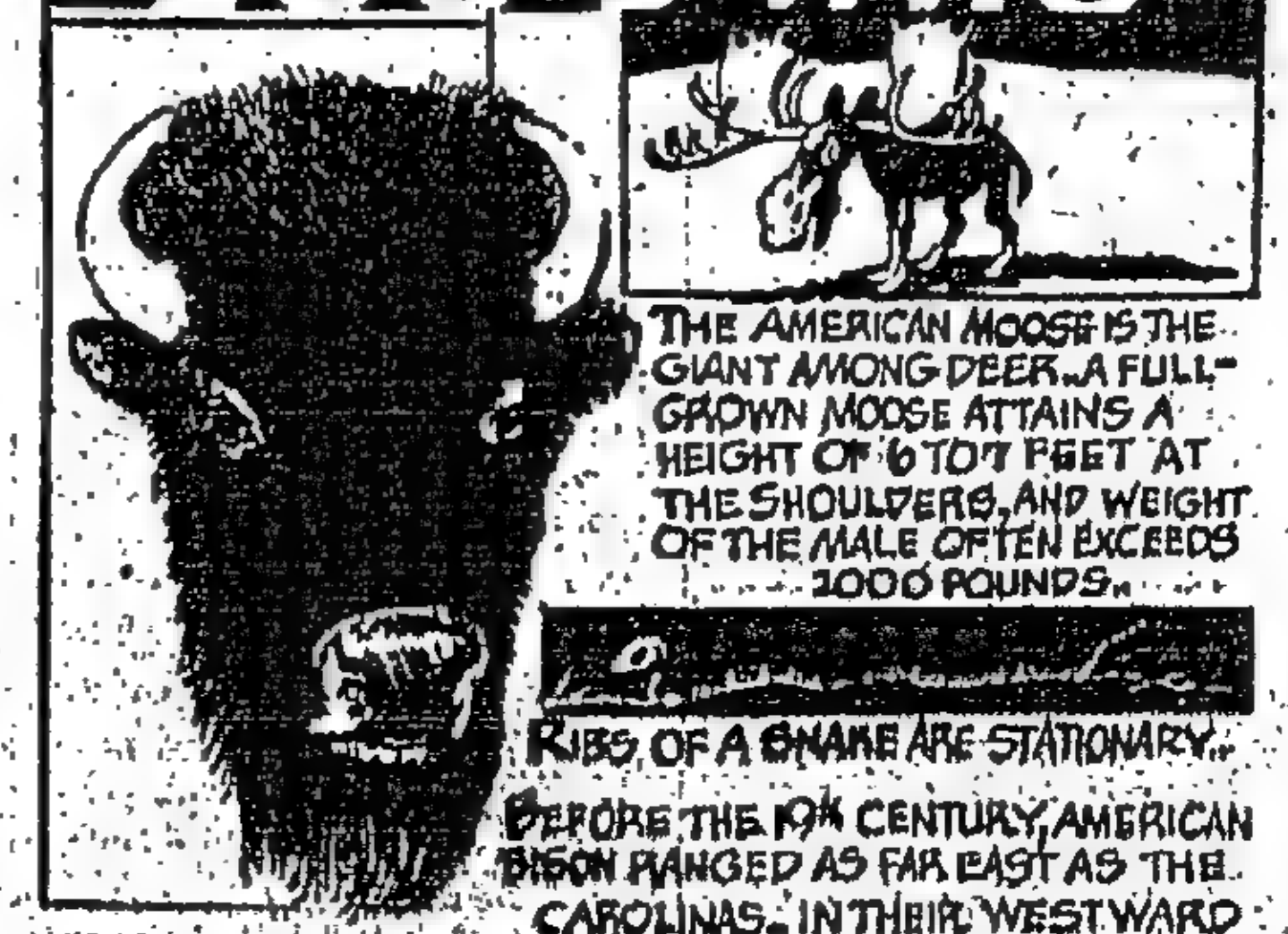
Brain Teaser

FIND the missing third party among the list of names in the second column.

- | | | |
|----------------------------|-----------|---------------|
| 1. Melchior, | Balthazar | a. Nod |
| 2. Baker, Candlestickmaker | | b. Beethoven |
| 3. Dick, Harry | | c. Neptune |
| 4. Shadrach, Meshach, | | d. Gaspar |
| 5. Athos, | Arnis | e. Butcher |
| 6. Adams, Jefferson | | f. Washington |
| 7. Adams, Jefferson | | g. Abednego |
| 8. Matthew, Mark, | | h. Mope |
| 9. Bach, | Brahms | i. Porches |
| 10. Winkyn, Bilknyn, | | j. Rich Man |
| 11. Jupiter, | Pluto | k. Luke |
| 12. Faith, | Charly | l. Tom |

9.—b, 10.—a, 11.—c, 12.—h.

40X'S WHO



THE AMERICAN MOOSE IS THE GIANT AMONG DEER. A FULL-GROWN MOOSE ATTAINS A HEIGHT OF 6 TO 7 FEET AT THE SHOULDERS, AND WEIGHT OF THE MALE OFTEN EXCEEDS 2000 POUNDS.

BEFORE THE 19th CENTURY, AMERICAN BEAVER RANGED AS FAR EAST AS THE CAROLINAS. IN THEIR WESTWARD MIGRATION, THEY POUNDED OUT TRAILS FOLLOWED BY THE INDIANS AND LATER SETTLERS. ROUTES NOW FOLLOWED BY MANY HIGHWAYS.

Rupert and the Blunderpuss—7



Rupert waits anxiously to see what will happen to him next, and very gingerly he collects the flowers yet again. This time he slips them into the carrier and slowly rises without anything disturbing him. Quickly he leaves the spot where so many queer things have happened, and, as he goes, he says to himself: "I'm off to see my Uncle Bruno, getting out of a bad and looking very cheerful. There's much talking and grinning. Mr. and Mrs. Rose get into the car, and off they go."

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

I Dreamt I Dwelt In Marble Halls

WHEN I first arrived in the Colony, and hopes of a brave new world were high, I was pushed to serve on a committee that was discussing a new city hall. These discussions were marvellous, wonderful for people with nothing more to do.

So inspiring is the spoken word that in the mouth of some people it has a kind of magic, for I found after a time that somehow we had erected a huge palatial edifice, a stately pleasure-dome decree, all by words. And we became involved in all sorts of arguments, for in a City Hall not yet built, we erected a huge restaurant, and had got down to brass tacks as to what kind of livery the waiters should wear and upon what floor in this non-existent building the newly formed Sino-British Club should find habitation.

I left for Shanghai and upon my return, one of the first telephone calls I received was to know whether I should like to represent someone or other upon the City Hall Committee. To which I replied with one short sharp and entirely derisive

word. Since those earlier days, I have served upon no committee.

At the moment, the City Hall is once again in the air, in a metaphorical sense, and so I am told, is soon to take concrete form.

It is interesting to recall then, in light of all I say, that a century ago, people were meeting and reporting, and committing on a proposed City Hall. But in those days, they were more of the kind of men I for one prefer, even like Mr Robert Jardine who would say in effect: "Cut the cackle, here's fifty thousand dollars, get on with the job."

The City Hall was completed on June 29, 1869, and was opened by H.R.H. Prince Albert, Duke of Edinburgh.

The idea of a City Hall originated in 1861, and a meeting was held at the Hongkong Club to discuss the project.

A provisional Committee was formed with the idea of pushing along the scheme two years later, in 1863.

A report was issued to the people concerned in 1864.

By

JOHN LUFF

A further public meeting was held in August 1866, when the tender for the construction of the building was accepted. The foundation stone was laid on February 23, 1867.

In 1813, as the life of the City Hall was drawing to a close, there was public agitation for improvement for the building.

A speech made at the time preserves much that might otherwise have been lost regarding the early days of the project.

"It was with the close of the 1861 that the erection of a

theatre and assembly room was discussed, and as a consequence, a committee of residents was appointed to make preliminary arrangements.

Plans for the projected buildings were exhibited in the autumn of 1862. The name, "City Hall," and the combination in one building of a theatre, library and a suite of assembly rooms having been agreed upon, the Government made a free grant of the site in 1864.

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"At a public meeting shortly afterwards, it was stated that a sum of £20,000 had been obtained by donations, subscriptions and concerts; that a further sum of \$80,000 being required, shares had been offered at \$100 each; that Mr Robert Jardine had generously taken up \$50,000; and that there remained shares to the face value of \$30,000 to be taken up by the public.

"Eventually a body of trustees was appointed and when the necessary funds were found, the building was erected and was opened on November 2, 1869 by H.R.H. Prince Albert, Duke of Edinburgh."

A newspaper report of February 25, 1869, takes us right back to the time, the foundation stone was laid by His Excellency Sir Richard MacDonnell, on Saturday, February 23, 1867.

"A large party, among which were several ladies, assembled at the parade ground about one o'clock on Saturday afternoon to witness the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new City Hall."

Shortly after one, His Excellency the Governor, accompanied by Lady MacDonnell and their guests, His Royal Highness the Duke of Fonthelm, the Count de Beauvoir, Captain Fauvel, and Lieutenant Brinkley, arrived, and the party at once proceeded to the north-east end of the enclosure, where a scaffolding was erected over the trenches in which the foundation stone was to be laid.

"Here the corner-stone was suspended on a pair of shears directly over its resting place."

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"Mr Rennie, the chairman of the committee, and His Excellency then descended into the trench, and the stone was lowered and duly cemented in its place, and to the Governor for whose good masonry today we are indebted for the solidity of our foundation."

His Excellency on rising said they must all agree on the propriety of the arrangement which enabled the Government to inaugurate at their case round the well appointed tables before them, instead of from the pit whence he had just been excommunicated, but where their foundation stone had been well and truly laid, deeply and permanently.

"In an undertaking identified so intimately with the progress of the City, he could not but feel that his claims to laying the foundation stone of their City Hall were trivial compared with

those of the residents more especially connected with them by ties of local interest and great commercial investments.

He felt this strong as he walked down that morning to the site of the new building for when he looked to the west he could almost discern that noble institution, the Sailors' Home, and from the same place, on turning to the east, could view the equally valuable and handsome building, the Seamen's Hospital, both founded by the munificence of the great house of Jardine, Matheson.

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"Who therefore was so especially entitled to take a prominent part in an undertaking like the present as the present respected representative of the house, more particularly when it was entirely owing to the generous contribution of the same firm that the funds had been completed, which enabled them to inaugurate that day the commencement of the City Hall. (Hear, hear.)"

Indeed, if they stepped outside the enclosure, they would see within a few yards of the spot where they were assembled the massive foundation stone presented to the City, by one loved and respected by them all, and whom, he was sure, they hoped might long continue to enjoy the high position amongst the Merchant Princes of the East, which the head of the House of Dent & Co. had so long occupied (Loud cheers).

"He regarded the flight of the foreign community from Macao to the shelter of this harbour previous to its cession to Great Britain, as constituting the true epoch of its birth."

"Since then it had been rising, educating up to the standard of modern enlightenment."

"The house of Jardine had instructed it in the electric telegraph, a miniature toy as yet. It had subsequently learned to use gas, and hereafter, when there would be difficulty in obtaining a cab at the Kowloon and Canton Railway, he would regard Hongkong as having graduated, and taken its position amongst advanced and adult communities. (Laughter)."

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"At the same time, he did not expect to remain here long enough to assist at the opening of that railway, although, by the way, he had a strong inducement to pass the remainder of his days here, having recently invested the funds necessary to constitute him a life member of the Rifle Association. (Laughter)."

"They had, however, already witnessed many stirring and important epochs in their history, and could upwards of two millions of tons of foreign shipping entering and leaving their magnificent harbour."

"This was independent of thousands of Chinese craft frequenting their waters and which, he was happy to say, despite all prophecies, to the contrary, were now as numerous as ever. (Hear, hear)."

"In fact, Hongkong had become the indispensable turning corner of the great commerce of the East, and its position must continue to centralise in itself the most important lines of traffic, round China whether to the West or the North."—I had

The former City Hall viewed from the cricket ground; demolished to make way for the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank Building.

better break in here to explain a few references made by Sir Richard to the contemporary affairs of his time.

Sir Richard mentioned the firm of Dent. In searching up records I find they were in trouble a few years after the time referred to in this article. I make brief mention of them in the article "Feed My Sheep," when St Paul's College lost their funds invested with Dent's.

Outside the City Hall was a fountain, given to the people of Hongkong by Mr John Dent, to whom the Governor referred to as head of the house of a great firm of Merchant Princes.

The centre of the fountain was ornamented with draped female figures. The few steps leading up to it were guarded at the four corners by crouching lions. It had a tablet to tell the people of Hongkong that it was presented to them by Mr John Dent in 1864.

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Hongkong didn't give a hang for it after the passing of years, and when water became a problem, it no longer functioned.

In 1929, when H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester visited the Colony, there was talk of getting the old fountain to play again, but as there was a drought at the time, the idea was dropped.

The Hongkong & Shanghai Banking Corporation's imposing rear facade now stands where this fountain once threw its

water. It must have looked very beautiful then, and perhaps often a late returning reveler might have bathed his aching head in its cooling waters.

The electric telegraph was the miniature toy to which Sir Richard referred. This did not go beyond the Colony but, connected, Jardine's town house to their East Point premises in 1863.

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The City of Victoria, Hongkong, was first lighted with gas in the year 1863, also mentioned by Sir Richard MacDonnell in his speech.

Rather a prophecy when the Governor mentions the forthcoming Kowloon and Canton Railway, but a bit out in anticipated reckoning. The railway, as it happened was not destined to be completed until 1911, and by that time the motor taxis were beginning to push the old horse cabs off the ranks of the London Railway Stations.

I know nothing of a Rifle Association which existed here in 1867.

Sir Richard's reference to a commercial depression is interesting. The threat of boycotting Hongkong was often made, but it is certainly interesting to find that by 1867, 2,000,000 tons of foreign shipping was yearly visiting the harbour.

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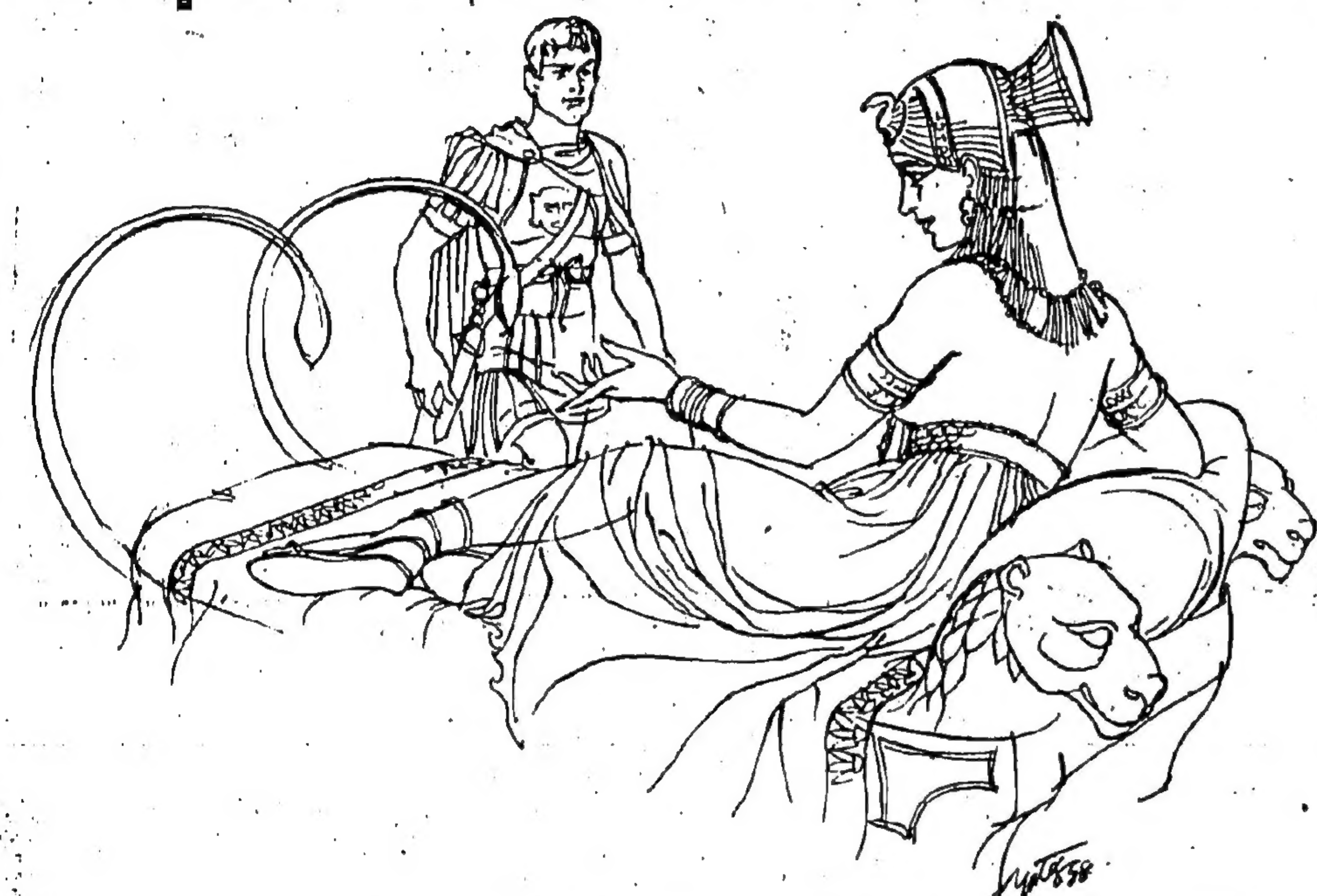
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Beauty Or Brains? Emperors Were Her Slaves



Cleopatra used Mark Anthony as she had used Julius Caesar—and brought shame on them both.

CLEOPATRA's legendary charms made slaves of Rome's greatest generals. But a coldly calculating brain ruled her heart. Passionate in love, the Queen of Egypt was even more ardent in the pursuit of her political ambition.

Her dream was to make Egypt the greatest kingdom of her age, with herself as its head. That she lacked an army or military genius to enable her to supplant Rome as the ruling power of the world did not for one moment deter her.

Instead of armies, she had in Octavian, she finally met a man who could resist her. To him she was the adventuress who had betrayed his gallant rival Anthony, the courtesan who had destroyed the happiness of his sister, Anthony's beloved wife.

Cleopatra, born in 68 B.C., was the eldest of King Ptolemy Auletes' four children. But though she was the product of generations of in-breeding, she was physically perfect and intellectually brilliant.

She succeeded to the throne as joint ruler with her young brother, Ptolemy, on the death of her father. Auletes had willed they should marry and rule as one, in the tradition of Egypt's rulers for more than 1,500 years.

Cleopatra was 18 and her brother 10 when they ascended the throne. But their joint reign was short-lived. Her brother's advisers persuaded him to depose Cleopatra and assume sole control.

Exiled to Syria, Cleopatra set about forming an army to march on Egypt. But it was Julius Caesar, engaged in his great conflict with Pompey, who invaded Egypt first. Cleopatra seized her chance. She had herself wrapped in a carpet, and smuggled into Caesar's presence, relying on her considerable charms to beguile the conqueror.

In this, she was completely successful. Not only did Caesar restore her to power in Egypt, but he became her lover and father of her child. Cleopatra had little love for the great soldier-statesman, who, for his part, was so infatuated

with her that he flouted their affair, in the heart of the Roman Empire. Under the pretence of presenting her to the Senate, he invited Cleopatra and her son to Rome, and there, in the great humiliation of his wife, Calpurnia, received them at his villa on the banks of the Tiber.

Rome's "last Republican," he when Caesar was stabbed on the steps of the Forum, Cleopatra, who was still living in his villa, had only one thought—to convince the Romans that her son was the Emperor's rightful heir.

The Romans, however, would not be convinced, and, sensing the danger of pressing her claim, Cleopatra left the city—secretly. Driven from Rome, she returned to Egypt to rule alone until Mark Anthony's arrival in Alexandria three years later revived her dream of power.

She had met Anthony before, when he was a lieutenant in Caesar's army. She remembered the desire his eyes expressed at their last meeting.

Cleopatra was then in her late twenties, an age when most women of her day were considered undesirable. But her beauty was ageless. Anthony, then in his early forties, was easy prey.

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her twins. But Cleopatra had no more love for him than she had for his predecessor, Caesar.

Rumours about their behaviour and Anthony's campaigns in Syria and Cyprus—all aimed at expanding Cleopatra's dominion—began to spread. Rome, and the Senate, began to suspect her.

Once again, Anthony's neglect of his duty, the Senate declared war on Egypt and sent Octavian to deal with Anthony.

To Cleopatra, this was a made-to-measure opportunity. If Anthony could beat his co-ruler, the Roman Empire would be hers.

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But it was not long before Cleopatra's calculating brain told her that her lover was on the losing side, and she laid her plans accordingly.

Although nearing 40, "he was still a seductive woman. Might not her feminine charms, which had so effectively enslaved Caesar and Anthony, work again on Octavian?"

But before she could put this question to the test she had to rid herself of her lover. Recalling that if one died, the other would not remain alive, she locked herself in a mausoleum and fed word sent to Anthony that she had committed suicide. Anthony true to the pact, ordered his servant to kill him with his own sword.

Now Cleopatra prepared to reveal his mausoleum and feed in perfume and dressed like the Goddess of Isis. But to no avail. Not only was Octavian not impressed, but he had sworn revenge.

Defeated, her dream of power shattered beyond repair, Cleopatra killed herself—thus, ironically, achieving the pact she had made with Anthony.

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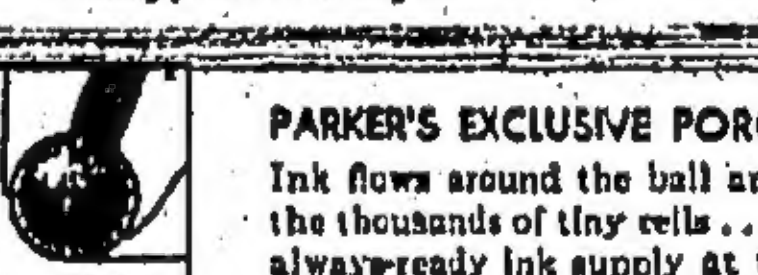
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THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

9TH (ANNUAL) RACE MEETING

Saturday 28th February, Wednesday 4th and Saturday 14th March, 1959
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 50 RACES.

There will be 11 races on each of the 1st and 2nd days and 8 races on the 3rd day.

The first bell will be rung at 11.30 a.m. and the first race run at 12.00 Noon on the 1st and 2nd days. On the 3rd day the first bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the first race run at 2.00 p.m.

The 15min interval is after the fourth race (1.30 p.m.) on the 1st and 2nd days.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 10.00 a.m. on the 1st and 2nd days and at 11.45 a.m. on the 3rd day.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the Meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable prior to the Meeting from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, D'Aguiar Street and Nathan Road, Kowloon, only on the written introduction of a Member, and on production of his Guest Record Card. Members are limited to 6 guests each Race Day, and will be responsible for all guests introduced by them.

GUEST BADGES WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT THE RACE COURSE ON RACE DAYS.

Timings will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members, and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

The Third day of the Meeting previously advertised for Saturday 7th March has been postponed to Saturday 14th March, and all Cash Sweep tickets dated 7th March 1959 will be valid for the Meeting on 14th March, 1959.

Although Through Tickets cannot normally be purchased for each day of a Meeting unless there is an interval of at least five days between each day an exception is being made for the Annual Race Meeting. Through Cash Sweep tickets, therefore, at \$22 each per day for the 1st and 2nd days and \$10 for the 3rd day, or \$60 for the three days of the Meeting may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building (Chater Road) and D'Aguiar Street during normal office hours and until 10.00 a.m. on each day of the Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 27th February, 1959, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action.

Tickets for the Cash Sweep on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each and Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 2nd May, 1959, at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at:—

Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Aguiar Street Hong Kong on:—

Week-days, Mondays to Fridays .. 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Saturday 21st February .. 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.
Saturday 28th February and Wednesday 4th March .. 9 a.m. to 10 a.m.
Saturday 14th March .. 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

King's Road, North Point, Hong Kong and 382 Nathan Road, Kowloon on:—

Week-days, Mondays to Fridays .. 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Saturday 21st February .. 9 a.m. to 11.45 a.m.
Saturday 14th March .. 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

TOTALISATOR

Barkers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY RELATE, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Tac men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,

A. E. ARNOLD,

Secretary.

Hong Kong, 21st February, 1959.

Tao Kong Lady Softballers Take On Colony's Best

TAIWAN CHAMPIONS OPEN TOUR TODAY WITH MATCH AGAINST ALL-HONGKONG

By OLLY VAS

Softball the way it should be played will be witnessed this weekend in places as far apart as the Hongkong Government Stadium and the official ground at King's Park in Kowloon for once again we extend a hearty welcome to the Tao Kong ladies' team from Taiwan.

The visitors arrived on Thursday last for a series of games against the best opposition Hongkong can put up.

Over at the Stadium, the Association's contribution to the Outdoor Sports Festival is an exhibition match between this year's potential senior league champions the Braves and South China AA. Ladies first, so over to Tao Kong.

The Tao Kong manager, Mr Chan was modestly present when I had a word with him after the team's arrival. Asked to comment on the team's chances this weekend he had only this to say, "We hope to put up a good show. Win or lose it's the playing of the game that counts." What a refreshing attitude to the game! I managed

to get him to talk a little about the team's history and I now pass on this information for your interest.

The Tao Kong team, is made up of students from the Tao Kong Domestic Science School in Taiwan and was first formed in 1953.

The following year the team was selected to represent Taipei in the Eleventh Taiwan Provincial Sports Meeting and it won the Ladies' Softball championship against such formidable opposition as the well-known Ching Hui and Yu Shan squads both of which have been seen in action locally.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Programmes and Entry Forms for the 10th (Easter) Race Meeting 1958/59 to be held on Saturday 28th and Sunday 30th March, 1959, (weather permitting) may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House; the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Tuesday, 17th March, 1959.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

10th (Easter) Race Meeting
First Day—28th March, 1959

The following conditions for 1959 Ponies for the above race meeting, entries for which close at NOON on Tuesday, 17th March, are announced:—

1959 PONIES (1st Day) —
MIDDLESEX STAKES.—
Winner \$4,000. Second \$2,250.

Third \$1,750. Ponies which have won \$1,750 or more in stakes are barred. Weight 147 lbs. Entrance \$5. ONE MILE.

Conditions for 1959 Ponies which have won, or been placed, will be announced as soon as possible after the race meeting on 14th March.

A. E. ARNOLD,

Secretary.

Hongkong, 13th March, 1959.

Sixth Visit

Their performances afield brought them recognition in another sport, baseball, when in May 1957 they were chosen to represent Taiwan against a Japanese Girls' baseball team.

In October of the same year they once again represented Taipei, this time in the 12th Sports Meeting and they retained their softball title by beating Yu Shan in the play-off.

In 1958 they won the all-Taiwan championship once more. So it is very obvious that they are a powerful team, the local girls a trick or two in softball.

This is the sixth visit to the Colony of various ladies' softball teams from Taiwan and while I do not wish to paint a gloomy picture for our representatives I must in all honesty say that, taking past performances as a criterion, we are in for a rough time. Over five years of unofficial interprovincial games, the record reads, "Taiwan Girls Won 18, Lost 2, Runs For 209, Runs Against 61" and the figures speak for themselves.

Familiar Faces

Tao Kong has one of the best "batteries" in Taiwan softball. In their debut in Hongkong in March 1958, they were acclaimed by fans as the best girls' team to play here. They have nearly all the familiar faces, except two this time in their line-up. To sum it up, they have speed, excellent ball control by pitcher Lam, strong batting and sportsmanship of the highest order. And what have we to offer?

In the opening game scheduled for this afternoon at 3.30 p.m. all-Hongkong manager Bill Silva will have the following to rely on: from SCAA Yim Lai Shoung, Margaret Lam, C. Y. Lam, L.Y. Kwok, Helen Lam, Peggy Wei, Lillian Chan and Olive Yuen; from the Hurricanes Frances da Silva, the Ozorio sisters, Carmen Matias and Pat Evans and from the University Irene Ho, Anna Wu, Ena Remedios, Ruby Liang and Frances Beck.

A well-balanced side could easily be formed from this array of local talent but the big question is whether there will be any semblance of team-work. Silva will place emphasis on batting and has not yet decided on the starting nine.

The Big Question

The winners? Taiwan, without a doubt. A HK victory would definitely fall into the category of "major upset."

A much weaker side faces Tao Kong on Sunday morning at 11.00 a.m. The majority of the SCAA players selected for the all-Hongkong team have also been chosen for the Combined Chinese side. The University have the Ho sisters and three others. The Maladors and the Furors also have a few players in the form of Annabelle Chin, Margaret Tsui, Dorothy Lam, Anne Tiu, Peggy Wong, Katherine Leung and Theresa Kwai though it is doubtful that some of the girls from the latter teams will have a chance to play against the visitors.

Messrs P. C. Wong and L. C. Poon will manage the Hongkong Chinese side and once again the starting nine will not be known until game-time.

I cannot envisage a triumph for the local team since it will be a blend of well-known players and rookies with little power at the plate except for the SCAA girls. If Tao Kong play true to form it should be a runaway victory for them.

Televised Game

Over at Sookunpoo both the Braves and SCAA will have full sides for the 55 minutes game at the Government Stadium which will be televised from 2.00 p.m. to 2.55 p.m. A bilingual commentary by Harold Wingiee will give viewers the idea of the fundamentals of the game.

Last year when the Warriors were pitted against a Canadian Naval squadron team, Wingiee also handled the commentary. Through no fault of his own, while he was in the process of enlightening the audience at the Stadium itself as play was going on it was noticed that at times the TV cameras swung on to players other than those on whom the comments were being passed. This tended to produce some confusion especially if you know nothing about the game. However, I am assured that steps are being taken to rectify this.

There isn't anything at stake except softball reputations and as the contestants will play in rubber shoes rather than cleats I hesitate to pick the winners. All in all, it should be a highly entertaining and colourful game, and one worthy of all the support softball fans can give.



The Tao Kong ladies' softball team from Taiwan are pictured here on their arrival in Hongkong last Thursday. They will play a three-game series against local opposition during their short stay in the Colony. The HK Softball Association's Liaison Officer, Mr Leo Chee-hong is at extreme right.—China Mail photo.

Blarney Stone Rugby Tournery Concludes Today With The Final

By PAK LO

This evening on the Club ground the Blarney Stone Seven-a-Side knock-out Competition reaches its climax with the Final scheduled for 9.00 p.m.

The semi-finals will take place at 7.30 p.m. and 8 p.m., respectively with the seven in the bottom half of the draw having the disadvantage of thirty minutes' less rest than the other finalists. This can be a big disadvantage for in the Final the game is ten minutes each way, with a two-minute interval.

The quarter finals will start at 6 p.m. and continue at the usual twenty-minute intervals until the last one at 7 p.m.

Only The 'Big Boys' As usual speculation as to this year's winners of the hand- some Shield, is rife, and the

result, is likely to be very close for the weaker teams have been "axed" along the way and only the "big boys" remain to battle it out tonight.

After the games the Shield as well as other trophies and Cups won this year will be presented to the winning teams by Mrs Stoker wife of the HKRU president, Mr W. Stoker.

Navy have again won the "31" Cup for the second year running, and this is a very fine thing to do. Indeed for the Navy do not have the advantages of the other XV's in the Colony.

Substitution

Team captains are reminded that in tonight's games substitution of the eighth man is allowed up to and including the semi-final, and that thereafter the teams in the semi-finals must turn out for the Final unaltered injuries notwithstanding.

To date in this Blarney Stone Tournament the Club since its inception in 1932 have managed to have a winning team in the Finals ten times, with the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank taking next place with three wins. The Army sides with their continual changes have been victorious seven times, but naturally each time it has been a different regiment which has taken the honours.

Whether an Army side will win tonight remains to be seen but a large crowd is expected for this series of charity matches with the Mission to Lepers being the recipients of all the money collected.

Now I Tip Luton To Win The Cup

Says STANLEY MATTHEWS

I believe Luton will win the Cup. And that's not just because they beat Blackpool. I have always fancied them.

They are confident, fight hard, and have the right blend of craft and goal thrust in attack. They also have the leadership of skipper Syd Owen. What a wonderful example he is! He drives himself ceaselessly with inspiring determination.

His Next Job

Syd has an extra incentive to get to Wembley. He may take over as manager at Luton at the end of the season. What a glorious exit from the game it would be if his last big match was the Cup Final. In George Cummins, their Irish international, Luton have one of the best inside-forwards in football.

He reads a game, quickly and changes its face with a flick and a twist. Only the truly great players have that ability. Then there is Allan Brown. He is a man you can never afford to discount—not even when he appears to be having an ordinary game. He gets goals from half chances.

Match Winner

Bob Morton, at centre-forward, is a ball player who keeps his line moving to stretch any defence, while Billy Bingham, a harassing opportunist on the right wing, is always likely to be a match winner. The injury threat, always so worrying to Cup teams, isn't so much of a problem at Luton, where they have stars like goal-scoring Gordon

Turner and full-back Seamus Dunne to call on. Naturally, we are all very disappointed at Blackpool that Luton knocked us out, but we have to grumble.

Consolation

We had our chances and paid the penalty for not taking them. We have one consolation. This year can bring a Cup medal to Allan Brown, our old friend and colleague, who, through injury, was twice robbed of that honour when he was a Blackpool player. (London Express Service).

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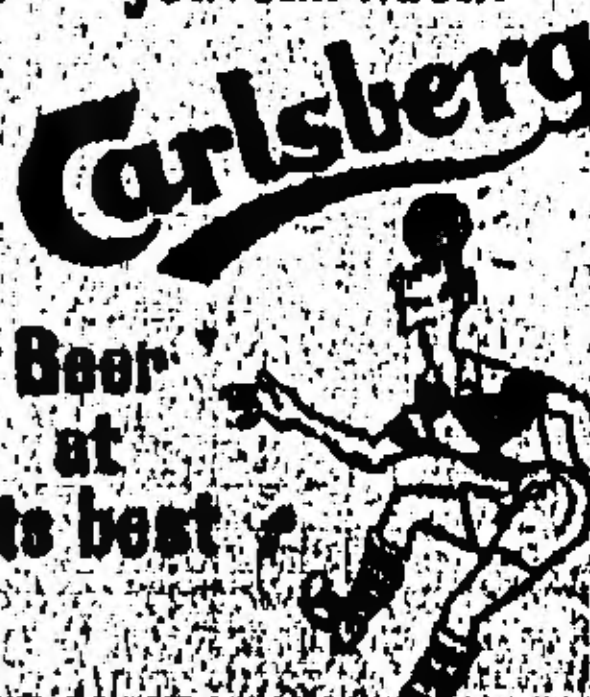
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POP—in league



By Gog

Whatever your sport you can't beat



SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

The Festival Is A Feast Of Sport

Tomorrow afternoon the Amateur Sports Federation & Olympic Committee of Hongkong will stage its Outdoor Sports Festival of 1959 at the Hongkong Stadium. Colony sportsmen will remember that just a year ago the first Outdoor Festival was staged at the same arena and that the excellence of the entertainment won general acclaim. Since their inaugural effort the organisers have made great progress and tomorrow's spectators will note how the whole show has been steamed to provide even better watching. There will definitely be something for everyone and as I see the programme the great problem will be to decide which of several first class events to watch when they are being staged concurrently.

There is indeed a wealth of sporting riches scheduled for public distribution and whether your sport is athletics, football, archery, gymnastics, hockey, cycling or miniature football you will find something to satisfy your taste.

The Amateur Sports Federation deserves the warmest congratulations—and fullest support—for their enterprise in staging this event. They are in fact providing a sort of window display of Hongkong's outdoor activities and when one couples this project with the double Indoor Festival which has already been seen by big crowds on both sides of the Harbour it is possible to get some idea of the influence wielded by the Olympic Committee today.

No Dull Moment

The Honourable Kwok Chun, O.B.E., J.P., President of the Amateur Sports Federation & Olympic Committee of Hongkong will perform the opening ceremony at half-past-one and from that moment until the curtain comes down at half-past-five there should not be a dull moment.

In planning their programme the organisers have lightened up the format of presentation. There should be no hiatus from start to finish and both the spectators on the spot, and those at home who are watching on television, should get some first class entertainment.

A few days ago a prominent member of the Test Selection Committee of the Indian cricket team resigned in protest against the fact that in his opinion considerations other than playing ability and merit had influenced the selection of certain cricketers to the Indian team recently.

Good Example

It is the one sensible way to pick a team and while I agree that sometimes consideration must be given to the compatibility, or rather incompatibility, of individuals, most people will agree that it is often a convenient avenue of excuse for exploiting preference.

The Non-Chinese side in Saturday's regatta was an excellent case in point.

It was a team with a mocking and quite unnecessary weakness at left-half. Now I have never spoken to the player concerned:

he is almost certainly a first class player and against him there can be no personal complaint. He did not pick himself and just as certainly he did not nominate himself for selection. But once nominated and picked he had to turn out although it was all very unfair and embarrassing to him.

Out To Win

His nomination must have come from someone who had a pretty good appreciation of the player's limitations and also of the strength of the opposition he would have to face. It is on that individual's shoulders that the responsibility must lie. The player was right out of his class and his very obvious weakness was quickly spotted by his colleagues and the opposition. The astute Combined Chinese forwards directed attack after attack through the great gap on the left flank of the non-Chinese defence. . . . and, as the fluctuation of the game weighed against them, the other players in the non-Chinese defence became dispirited.

Blunder

No team can go into a game of this importance with a passenger. . . . and on this particular occasion there was if anything a greater onus than ever on the selectors to pick the strongest possible eleven. It cannot be claimed that this was done, for to leave Toledo out of the greatest magnitude Toledo knows Chinese football inside out. He is as fit as a fiddle. . . . and it is significant that within a few days of his having been omitted from the non-Chinese side he was selected to represent Hongkong in the forthcoming Asian Cup match in Manila.

With Toledo in the side on Saturday the non-Chinese would have given their illustrious opponents a hard run for the honours. . . . and just to clear up any doubts on the matter I am assured that he would have been available had he been selected to play.

A Thousand Pities

It was a thousand pities on a memorable occasion, such as last Saturday undoubtedly was, we should see a potentially great spectacle ruined by poor selection. Indeed, someone dropped a royal brick. Uninspired selection was almost certainly the root of the trouble but even that can never fully explain the deplorable performance put up by the team as a whole.

Maybe nerves had something to do with it. . . . maybe playing in front of the Duke of Edinburgh's regatta. . . . maybe the young players. . . . maybe they even suffered from trying too hard. . . . but whatever it was it was sad to watch.

By

I. M. MACTAVISH

Several of the Army players in the team were men who have made a positive contribution to Colony football this season. On occasions they have played brilliantly both in league and representative games and it was a matter of real regret that, in what was to be their last appearance in Hongkong, they should have to turn out in a game like this. It must have been a bitter anti-climax after what has been an exciting and in fact often thrilling season for them. We shall probably never know the true cause of this

It is a story that has been given wide circulation in the Chinese community. . . . but it just is not true. The players who played in the afternoon were NOT on the parade in the morning. I have confirmed that fact with the manager of the team.

No Truth

Secondly there is no truth in the tale that the non-Chinese side were playing under special restrictive orders. The current round of stories has it that the players were given restraining instructions

SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



London Express Service

stop-for stop it was—and we shall have to satisfy ourselves by writing the whole thing off to unexplained experience. Before I leave this game just let me put two important things on record. The first is that there is not a single of true in the story that ten members of the non-Chinese team had been standing for hours on parade at Kai Tak on the day of the match.

which prevented them from playing their normal game. . . . that they were to take things easy and not get mixed up in any incidents. . . . that they were not to tackle hard. . . . and one tale even has it that they had been told that because the Duke was present and they were playing a local side, they were not expected to win! What absolute rubbish.

There is not a morsel of truth in any of them. No manager worth his salt would send his team out to take part in an important game under instructions like that and you can take it from me that, apart from the normal advice which is given to players on any big occasion, nothing was done to curb their efforts on the field in any way.

Out Of Class

If the non-Chinese team could have won on merit last Saturday no one would have been more delighted than the players and the team officials. They went out to win but unfortunately they ran up against a better team.

THAT is the whole story. There is NO other.

There is a move afoot at the present time to examine the possibility of introducing

ing professional boxing into Hongkong. The whole thing is being kept very hush-hush and the sponsors of the idea are going about their work very quietly indeed.

The situation is most interesting because if things go according to plan there are some fight fans who believe that the Colony could become one of the greatest centres of professional boxing in the Far East.

They see the position as follows. Boxing is firmly established in Singapore, Manila, Honolulu, Japan and of course in Australia. It also has a big following in Bangkok and in Indonesia.

A quick look at the map shows just how advantageous Hongkong's geographical position is in relation to these tentacles. We have fast contact with every one of them and it requires little imagination to see how beneficial that would be in the staging of big time professional boxing.

Great Possibilities

There are tremendous possibilities in the idea and while Police Regulations would have to be considered it is hard to see any insurmountable obstacles being raised provided proper control and good management were assured.

The Singapore Boxing Board of Control has done an excellent job in their own area where professional boxing enjoys great popularity and with all the advantages of modern air travel there is not the slightest reason why Hongkong should not do as well or better.

Quite apart from anything else I believe the advent of professional boxing would open up a great new interest among the Chinese. It is now becoming clear that the local boys are reluctant to participate in amateur sports.

That happened in Singapore too. . . . but some of the star professional pugilists in Singapore, Malaya, Indonesia, Thailand and even in Manila have been Chinese. The best known probably was David Koon Yung who, ten years ago, was rated third among the world's bantamweights.

It will be most interesting to see how things progress here in our own Colony. . . . interesting indeed. . . . very interesting.

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Lucien Mias — Napoleon Of French Rugby

By DEREK JOHN

Lucien Mias, a 28-year-old schoolmaster turned doctor, is the most indispensable sportsman in the world. With his leadership and inspiration, France have made their greatest-ever conquests in international rugby. Without him, they have degenerated into a spiritless, disorganised rabble.

Before I went to Twickenham last week, I would not have believed that the power of a fifteen-strong team could depend so completely on the presence of one man.

Then I saw France, self-styled champions of the world, held to a draw 3-3 by a very ordinary England team which has not scored a try for more than a year.

In the past year, France had smashed Australia 19-0, scored their first win at Cardiff Arms Park, beaten Ireland 11-0, become the first country in this century to beat the Springboks in a home Test, and crushed Scotland in Paris.

They had only England to beat to achieve the grand slam and to establish themselves as red-hot favourites to win the International Championship.

Failed Miserably

Everyone expected the Twickenham match to be the greatest England-France battle since Waterloo, and 2,000 Frenchmen crossed the Channel to cheer their side to victory. But, for the first time since March 1, 1956, France failed miserably. And, for the first time since then, they were

without Lucien Mias, their captain, through injury.

Now Dr Mias, a massive 18-stone second row man called the "Bulldozer", is a great forward. But it is as a leader that he is so valuable to France. Without Mias, France had fifteen "captains" on the field at Twickenham. They clucked throughout the match like a flock of old hens—and, appropriately, brought along a live cockerel as mascot.

Those who had seen France's superb display against Scotland a month earlier could scarcely believe this was almost the same team.

A Man Of Ideas

Why is Mias so indispensable? Because he has the dominating personality which is essential if fifteen temperamental Frenchmen are to be blended into a smooth-working combination. He is a man of ideas, with a brilliant playing skill himself.

Under his leadership, the French pack has become a powerful attacking force in itself, with each man passing and handling with the skill of a three-quarter.

They have displayed a standard of fast, mobile, forward play which has not been seen in the home countries since the 1951-52 Springbok visit.

France's No. 1

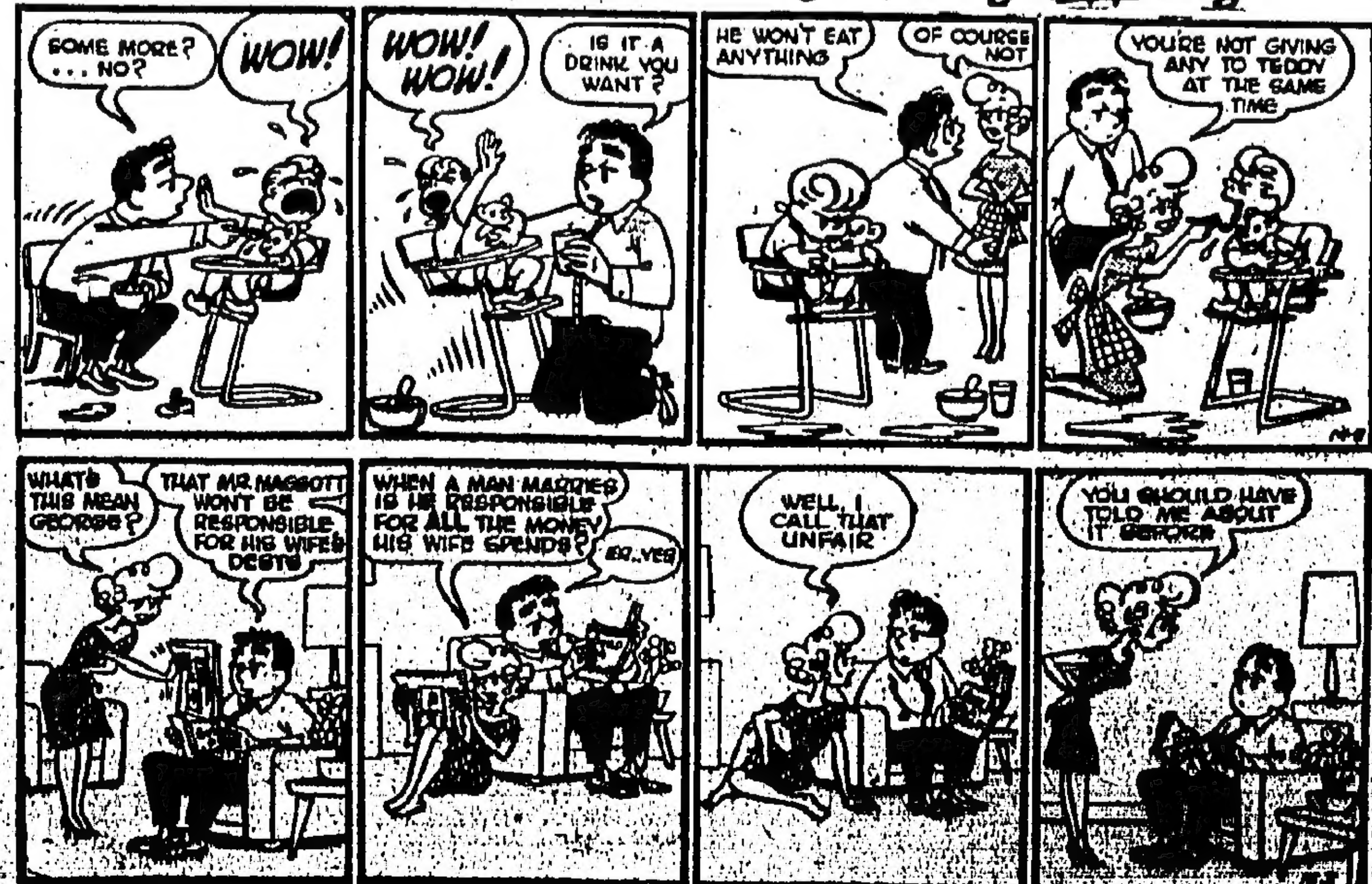
Mias made his international debut in 1951, and at the age of 20 he was a member of the first French team to win at Twickenham. But, in 1954, after winning 15 caps, he gave up international rugby for three seasons to concentrate on his medical studies.

Now, only one season after his sensational comeback, he has been elected the Number One player of France. He is so respected by his fellow-players that even such a noted individualist as Amedee "The Duke" Domenech has said, "I'll do what Mias tells me to do."

In 28 attempts, France have never won the International Championship outright. This season I believe they can do it.

But only under the generalship of Lucien Mias, Napoleon of French rugby.

THE GAMBOLS . . . By Barry Appleby



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